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The Academy and Literature



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The Literary Week.

As July draws to a close the general activity of the publishing firms decreases, but we have not noticed any diminution in the issue of novels. There still appears to be a demand for the lives of eminent people who are still living. A thick biography of Mr. G. F. Watts is the latest. Since our last issue we have received thirty-three new works, twelve new editions, and twenty-two novels. We note the following:—

A CATALOGUE OF LETTERS AND OTHER HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS EXHIBITED IN THE LIBRARY AT WELBECK. Compiled by S. Arthur Strong.

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STEVENSONIANA. Edited by J. A. Hammerton.

A miscellany of anecdote and criticism. The editor's aim has been to search for his material in the forgotten pages of English and American periodicals, and in books by eminent writers not wholly concerned with Stevenson. "By far the greater part of the work," says Mr. Hammerton, "consists of matter, always interesting and often of high value, which might never have been brought together in one volume, and could have been consulted with great difficulty only, if at all."

VICTORIA, QUEEN AND RULER. By Emily Crawford.

A volume by the Paris Correspondent of the "Daily News" and "Truth." The book does not pretend to be a complete biography, nor does it claim to be an historical chronicle. "My aim," says the author, "is more limited, more personal, altogether more modest. It happens that in a busy life, co-extensive with a great part of the late Queen's reign, I have had opportunities for conversation and correspondence with members of her Court and circle, and with foreign Ambassadors accredited to her." The book is a collection of anecdote, reminiscence, and gossip.

Mr. W. W. Astor, who recently purchased Haver Castle, leads off in the current issue of the "Pall Mall Magazine" with a story founded upon certain associations of Haver. The story purports to have been discovered in the form of a MS., a facsimile page of which is given, but this, no doubt, is merely a device. Across an excellently realised background pass the figures of Anne Boleyn and Henry VIII. The incidents are vividly realised, and the story has all the flavour of the period. In the same issue of this magazine, which has vastly improved under Mr. Halkett's editorship, is an interesting article on Tolstoy by Mr. Elbert Hubbard. It summarizes two recent impressions of the great novelist-preacher—the one that of a lady's-maid who served the Countess, the other that of a journalist who visited Tolstoy as a pilgrim visits a shrine. The lady's-maid was shocked to find that there was a "Mr." Tolstoy at all. From her point of view he was a boorish and outlandish figure, ridiculous on all counts, yet considerate and gentle. The journalist was hardly less surprised, though in a different way. The lavishly appointed house, the formal dinners with the man in coarse peasant costume and leather girdle sitting at the end of the table, who ate only pottage and rye bread, were astonishing enough at first. So far Tolstoy subscribes to the wishes of his family—otherwise he works in the fields, cobbles, writes, helps the oppressed, and serves God in his own way.

THE late Pope's delight in writing Latin verse came to him early and ended only with his death. So many translations of his latest poem have been published that we need not attempt another here. It seems pleasanter to recall an admirable rendering of the Pope's "In Praise of Frugality," made by Mr. Andrew Lang. We quote the concluding lines:—

Nor shun the bowl of foaming milk that feeds
The infant, and may serve the senior's needs;
Next on the board to Heaven's gift, honey, placed,
And, sparing, of Hyblaean nectar taste;
Pulses and salads on thy guests bestow—
Even in suburban gardens salads grow—
Add chosen fruits, whate'er the times afford.
Let rose-red apples crown the rustic board.
Last comes the beverage of the Orient shore,
Mocca, far off, the fragrant berries bore,
Taste the dark fluid with a dainty lip,
Digestion waits on pleasure as you sip.
Such are my precepts for a diet sage,
That leads thee safely to a green old age.

A WORK undertaken in collaboration with Mr. J. S. Farmer, in which Mr. Henley took great interest, was "Slang and its Analogues." The end of the work was in sight when Mr. Henley died. In an "In Memoriam" note which we have received from Mr. Farmer, he writes:—

Almost his last lines to me—a month's break occurred after we had sent the current section to press—were "I rejoice to hear of your new start for the good word, 'Finis';" and more than once he expressed himself as delighted to realise that the end was in sight. As a matter of fact, save for proof-reading and actual publication, our task was practically complete. Fair headway had also been made on the revision of the first volume, a revision with which my colleague was especially concerned, and on which he was at work till less than three weeks since. Still, when all is said, there remains the fact of irreparable loss—in "final suggestions" and "finishing touches."

Subscribers may be assured of faithful trusteeship on my part to include all the material suggestions and additions left in my hands. Much of it will find a fitting place in the proposed joint Terminal Essay, long roughly outlined, and often discussed, between us. There, also, I hope to tell something of the story of Mr. Henley's long-sustained labour of love on this book.

WE have always wished well to Esperanto, that auxiliary international language of which so much has been heard lately, but we have wished it well merely as a commercial medium. We trust that the unofficial meeting of Esperantists to be held at Havre next week will not attempt to carry the thing beyond commercial purposes; to contemplate such a possibility is appalling. An article on Esperanto in the current "Review of Reviews" opens with this quotation from "L'Esperantiste"; we give the original and its translation in parallel columns:—

Oni ĝenerale diras ke la parolo estas natura eco de l' homo. Jes, sed ni devas pensi, ke ĝi estas ilo speciala, absolute necesa de la lingvaĵo, t. e. de l' komunikado de l' ideoj. Ni rimarku unue, ke la parolo ne estas, memvenace la homo. Ĝi estas eco, sed eco, kiun oni devas akiri. Por paroli oni bezonas esti lerninta paroli.

It is generally said that speech is a natural quality of man. Yes, but we ought to think (remember) that it is a special instrument absolutely necessary to the language essence, that is, to the communication of ideas.

We must remark first that speech is not spontaneous amongst men. It is a quality, but a quality which one must acquire. In order to speak, one needs to be learning to speak.

But why should this jargon be acquired—except for business purposes?

THERE is generally reason in bibliography, but a recent instance appears to us to lack that redeeming quality. Mr. F. W. Faxon, a former secretary of the American Library Association, has published a bibliography of "Modern Chap Books and their Imitators." Now the notes of these American publications, so far as they may be said to have notes, are modernity and amateurishness. They owe their origin, no doubt, as Mr. Faxon suggests, to the success of the "Chap Book," a semi-monthly magazine which was started in Cambridge in 1894. "Many of these bibelots," says their bibliographer, "seem to have resulted from the desire of ambitious unknown writers to reach a supposedly large waiting public, which could not be reached through the established magazines, either because the author could not get his manuscript accepted, or because the readers he wished were not among the subscribers of the older monthlies and quarterlies." This is all well enough, but we have to judge by results, and the results in the main are so poor as to call for no cataloguing. And the one thing which might have made Mr. Faxon's bibliography of possible value—the names of the authors—has been omitted. Of what earthly use can it be to record the fact that in Chicago was published in 1901 a journal described thus: "The Jester. His thoughts thoughtfully thunk, respectfully rendered. Timeful topics tunelessly tendered"?

THE Elizabethan Stage Society is to give on the afternoon of August 10, in the New Theatre, Oxford, a representation of Marlowe's "King Edward the Second." This will be the first occasion on which the play has been publicly performed for three centuries.

THE current issue of the "Atlantic Monthly" contains an interesting article by Mr. Herbert Bashford on "The Literary Development of the Pacific Coast." The old days, when Bret Harte stood for the chronicler of Californian life, have passed. The Far West has awakened to a sense of brotherhood with the civilized world now brought to its doors by railroads:—

The average Californian resents the imputation that he has a disregard for culture. He may be independent, abrupt of speech, devoid of many of the formalities of an older civilization, scornful of family traditions or hereditary distinctions—traits characteristic of the typical Westerner—but he denies with emphasis that he is dominated by any of the instincts of the barbarian. He is always confident of his ability to think and act for himself regardless of the experience of others, nor does he feel that because certain forms of expression governed the language of the past that he should conform to them now, and deem the ancient masterpieces of literature the only models of excellence for his time and generation. While realizing full well his ignorance of the historic shrines of art and letters, he feels that the beauty and sublimity of the world of Nature is likewise ennobling, and affords him glorious compensation.

Mr. Bashford is very hopeful for the literary future of the Pacific Coast: he sees in Mr. Jack London a prophet of the Western future. He concludes on this optimistic, but rather obvious, note:—

What has been accomplished thus far by the writers mentioned surely offers glorious promise of future achievement,—of work, if I may be so bold as to prophesy, that shall draw its freshness and color from California's sun-clad hills, and its strength and beauty from the white radiance of her eternal peaks.

We have not the least wish to detract from the possibilities of Californian literature—indeed, we see every reason to think well of those possibilities—but "sun-clad hills" and "the radiance of eternal peaks" are not in themselves necessarily inspirers of literature.

MR. HILAIRE BELLOC continues in the "Pilot" his studies of the Poets of the French Renaissance. In the current issue he deals with Clement Marot, of whom he writes:—

With Marot one is in the full tide of the movement. The discovery of America had preceded his birth by three or perhaps four years. His early manhood was filled with all that ferment, all that enormous branching out of human life, which was connected with the expansion of Spain; he was in the midst of the scarlet and the gold. A man just of age when Luther was first condemned, living his active manhood through the experience of the great battlefields in Italy, wounded (a valet rather than a soldier) at Pavia, the perpetual chorus of Francis I., privileged to witness the first stroke of the pickaxe against the mediæval Louvre, and to see the first Italian dignity of the great stone houses on the Loire—being all this the Renaissance was the stuff on which his life was worked.

Mr. Belloc very properly insists upon the essentially national note of Marot's verse; his limitations he expresses excellently as follows:—

If indeed anyone were to maintain that Marot was not an excellent and admirable poet he would prove himself ignorant of the language in which Marot wrote, but let the most sympathetic turn to what is best in his verse, let them turn for instance to that charming lyric: "A sa Dame Malade" or to "The Ballad of Old Time," and they will see that it is the kind of thing which is amplified by music, and which sometimes demands the aid of music to appear at all. They will see quite plainly that Marot took pleasure in playing with words and arranged them well, felt keenly and happily, had even some fecundity, but they will doubt whether poetry was necessarily for him the most serious business of life.

Yet Marot led the way; was a kind of unconscious stepping-stone to his greater followers.

FOR a shilling you may now buy what is described as "the greatest literary curiosity of the age." It starts with the Roll of Battle Abbey in facsimile and works down through the Death Warrant of Mary Queen of Scots to the Battle of Waterloo from "The Times," all in facsimile reprints. It is cheap enough at the price, though we need not admit the full claim.

MESSRS. METHUEN'S announcement that they have in preparation a new translation of Dumas' novels to be published at sixpence a volume is of considerable interest. Messrs. Dent some time ago published a certain number of the novels at a higher price, and the more popular ones have been procurable for years in indifferent renderings. Messrs. Methuen, however, propose to issue thirty of Dumas' books which have never yet been translated into English. Mr. Andrew Lang has written as introduction to "The Three Musketeers" an appreciation of the book and a general estimate of Dumas as writer and man.

THE ninth report of the City of Westminster Public Libraries Committee contains this suggestive sentence: "There have been withdrawn seventy-two volumes of out-of-date or superseded works." After all it is only imagination that can hope to claim perpetuity.

THE second issue of the "Avon Booklet" contains the suppressed portions of Oliver Wendell Holmes's "Autocrat"—those portions, that is to say, which were contributed to the "New England Magazine" in 1831-2. The series was not resumed until the foundation of the "Atlantic Monthly" in 1857, to which Lowell induced Holmes to contribute. These early chapters have some of the qualities of the later work, though no one would contend that they reach the later level. Here are three characteristic passages:—

Shelley vapourised everything in his glowing crucible, but there was gold at the bottom of it. When I look at him,

spreading the starry wings of his fancy over his chaotic philosophy, he seems like a seraph hovering over the unfathomable chasm whose blackness is the abode of demons.

You know what Wordsworth's notions of common-life poetry are. They have often led him into beautiful and little-trodden paths; still, I cannot but think many of his solemnities on trifling subjects are not much more than parody walking backwards. A man may suck nectar through a straw, but not if he dips it in buttermilk.

A successful author must be careful, or he will imitate himself. After one has put a shot through the target, he will lose his labour if he fire through the hole.

THERE has recently been a considerable revival of interest in Charles Reade in America, and a corresponding amount of discussion. One result has been the publication of a letter by Reade, said to have been unpublished hitherto, concerning George Eliot. In 1869 there appeared in the "Galaxy Magazine" of New York an article on "George Eliot and G. H. Lewes" which appears to have called forth the letter in question. We quote some passages:—

You side with fools and liars against me. You have published without a word of disclaimer, a diatribe, in which George Eliot is described as the first of English novelists, and her style, which is in reality a mediocre, monotonous style, with no music and no beauty in it, is described as perfect, and my style, which on proper occasions, is polished beyond the conception of George Eliot, or any such writer, is condemned wholesale as sadly rugged, &c. And this in a monthly which contains a story by me. It does appear strange to me that you, who have got the cock salmon, should allow this ass . . . to tell your readers that the trout is a bigger fish than the cock salmon.

Now hear the real truth. George Eliot is a writer of the second class, who has the advantage of being better read than most novelists. She has also keen powers of observation and reasoning.

She has no imagination of the higher kind, and no power of construction, nor dramatic power. She has a little humour, whereas most women have none; and a little pathos. But she has neither pathos nor humour enough to make anybody laugh nor anybody cry.

Her style is grave, sober, and thoughtful; but it lacks fire, tune, and variety.

She has been adroit enough to disavow the sensational, yet to use it as far as her feeble powers would let her. Her greatest quality of all is living with an anonymous writer, who has bought the English press for a time and puffed her into a condition she cannot maintain, and is gradually losing.

Why lend yourself to a venal English lie? This George Eliot is all very well as long as she confines herself to the life and character she saw with her own eyes down in Warwickshire when she was young. But the moment imagination is required she is done.

I will only add that in all her best novels the best idea is stolen from me, and her thefts are not confined to ideas and situations; they go as far as similes, descriptions, and lines of text. Believe me, the pupil is never above her master.

If Charles Reade really wrote this he showed himself as poor a critic of other people's work as he was of his own. But did he really write it? It is difficult to believe it.

THIS year's exhibition at the Whitechapel Art Gallery is to consist of representative artistic posters. On the subject of posters both East and West might meet. The exhibition is to open next week.

THE following lines, under the title "Priests of the Pen," appear in the "New York Reader":—

Writing by day and by night-time,
Thinking, and still to think;
Labor and love, and labor—
There is blood in the drops of ink.

A CORRESPONDENT of the "Literary World" writes to that journal concerning Mr. Hall Caine's memoir of the late Mr. W. E. Tirebuck which was prefixed to "Twixt God and Mammon." The writer says that Mr. Caine drew his conclusions too exclusively from the younger days of Mr. Tirebuck, and holds that too much has been made of the "gipsy in him." He was not naturally unsettled or a wanderer; his nature was quietness itself:—

R. L. Stevenson has described lovingly in one of his essays the kind of person whose coming into a room is like the lighting of an additional candle. Mr. Tirebuck's entrance brought a certain palpable quiet—not a dull silence, indeed, but a soft sense of absolute composure. He was one of those few fine friendly souls with whom a sympathetic man might feel so much at home that he need speak little or not at all; aware none the less of a certain magnetic charm which satisfied. He was the most unworldly of men. The word is often mis-applied, but here it is intensely fit.

EDMOND DE GONCOURT, in his "Journal," gives an account of how Whistler worked at his portraits. De Goncourt's informant was Comte Robert de Montesquiou, and once in London the Count gave Whistler seventeen sittings. The artist would charge his brush with paint, suddenly change his mind, fling the brush away and take up another. In three hours he would touch the canvases only fifty times, but each touch told. M. de Montesquiou naturally recalled these sittings with considerable pain.

Bibliographical.

THE fact that Mr. Justin McCarthy has been pensioned by Government "in recognition of his services to literature" has no doubt caused a good many people to reflect upon those services. I suppose he is now most widely known as the author of the "History of Our Own Times" (published at intervals between 1879 and 1897), the "History of the Four Georges" (1884-1901), and the monographs on Peel (1890) and Gladstone (1898), though many must be familiar with his "Epoch of Reform" (1882) and his two books on "Modern England" (1899). His "Reminiscences" (1899) were also—and very naturally—largely read. On the other hand, I doubt if many of the rising generation have perused his one volume of literary essays—"Con Amore, or Critical Chapters" (1868). Time was when he was quite in the running as a novelist. His first fiction—"Paul Massie"—dates from 1866, the better-known "Waterdale Neighbours" from 1867. There was a large public, I remember, for his "My Enemy's Daughter" (1869), "A Fair Saxon" (1873, reprinted in 1878), "Dear Lady Disdain" (1875), "Miss Misanthrope" (1878), "Donna Quixote" (1879), "The Comet of a Season" (1881), "Maid of Athens" (1883), "Camiola" (1885), "Roland Oliver" (1889)—all of them, you will observe, very happy in their titles. Mr. McCarthy issued "The Dictator" in 1893, "The Riddle Ring" in 1896, and "Monomia" in 1901, but of late years his successes as a novelist have been made in the main in collaboration with Mrs. Campbell Praed.

Put not your faith in Catalogues—even the best. In one, I find Mr. Justin McCarthy's "Camiola" attributed to his son, Justin Huntley; and in another I find Justin Huntley's book of verses, "Harlequinade," ascribed to his father. And yet the "Huntley" in the son's name ought to have rendered such blunders impossible.

Mr. Andrew Lang, I gather, is to "introduce" the new English translation of Dumas' works, which is to open, very wisely, with "The Three Musketeers." Mr. Lang is sure to be sympathetic. To Dumas he addressed one of his "Letters to Dead Authors," at the close of which he wrote: "You take us captive in our childhood.

I remember a very idle little boy who was busy with the 'Three Musketeers' when he should have been occupied with 'Wilkins's Latin Prose,' 'Twenty Years After' (alas! and more) he is still constant to that gallant company, and, at this very moment, is breathlessly wondering whether Grimaud will steal M. de Beaufort out of the Cardinal's prison." It will be remembered that a paper on Dumas opens Mr. Lang's "Essays in Little," and that therein he advises the beginner to start his study of the Master with "the cycle of D'Artagnan"—the "Musketeers," "Twenty Years After," and "The Vicomte de Bragelonne." He reminds us that R. L. Stevenson penned a discourse on the last-named. Thackeray, it will be recollected, proclaimed D'Artagnan and Monte Cristo as his favourites in the long line of Dumas heroes. "O Dumas! O thou brave, kind, gallant old Alexandre. I hereby offer thee homage, and give thee thanks for many pleasant hours." These familiar sentences might well form the "motto" of, every English version of the far-famed romances.

Personally, I am grateful to Mrs. Strong and Mr. Osbourne for their "Memories of Vailima," and especially for Mrs. Strong's extracts from her Diary. But why does the book contain no intimation that those extracts appeared some years ago in an Anglo-American magazine? They were then prefaced by some explanations which are not now given, though they are necessary to an easy understanding of the text. It is a pity, too, that the new volume contains none of the pictures which accompanied the Diary extracts when they figured in "Scribner's": some of these were characteristic and worth preserving.

The abridgment of Lingard's "History of England" which is forthcoming will by no means be the first of its kind. There was one, by P. Sadler, in 1836; another, by J. Burke (for schools, and brought down to date) in 1850; and yet another, by T. Young, on the same plan, in 1867. No doubt there is room for another now. The "History" had at one time great popularity. The first edition (1819-30) was in eight volumes; the third (1825) in fourteen. The fourth (1837-9) and fifth (1849) were announced as "enlarged"; the sixth, in ten volumes, came out in 1854-5. The "copyright" edition, also in ten volumes, appeared in 1888.

The new edition of Forster's biography of Goldsmith must needs be welcome, if it be unabridged and otherwise untampered with. The latest appearance of the work was made in the "Minerva Library" in 1890. Two years before that there was an illustrated edition, in two volumes—not the first illustrated edition, for there was one in 1855. "The Life and Adventures of Oliver Goldsmith" was published originally in 1848. In its second edition (1854, in two volumes) it became the "Life and Times."

Adlington's translation of the "Golden Ass" of Apuleius is again to be put within the reach of the present-day book-buyer. It is ten years since Mr. Henley included it in his "Tudor" series. "The Most Pleasant and Delectable Tale of the Marriage of Cupid and Psyche" had been reprinted in 1887, with an introduction by Mr. Lang; it was again reprinted—in 1897—with illustrative drawings by Mr. C. S. Ricketts. The old accessible editions are those of 1566, 1571, 1582, 1596, and 1639.

Is it quite worth while to produce Ben Jonson's "Alchemist" in an "edition de luxe"? There are the quartos of 1612 and 1709; also a 12mo. dated, conjecturally, 1680. The play was often "altered" for the stage, and in that guise was printed in 1763, 1771 (as "The Tobacconist"), and 1791. It is not the only "Alchemist," for a playwright of our own day had the temerity to borrow and use the title of Ben's work.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

The Crown.

THE CORONATION OF EDWARD THE SEVENTH: A CHAPTER OF EUROPEAN AND IMPERIAL HISTORY. By John Edward Courtenay Bodley. Written by His Majesty's Command. (Methuen, 21s. net.)

THE King is fortunate in his historiographer. There are many scholars who could have undertaken the task which was imposed upon Mr. Bodley; but we cannot easily imagine an abler accomplishment than he has achieved. The theme was one for an effort of the imagination lyrical, and Mr. Bodley has treated it successfully, without much help from superlative or other strenuous words. In reflection as well as in narrative and description, his manner is calm, almost reserved; yet it is singularly convincing and stirring. Mr. Bodley, that is to say, has one of the secrets of style. He does not forget that the literary art is most effective when the artist is self-controlled. The success of his essay strikes us as being the more remarkable in respect that many of the matters which came under survey are highly controverted. It is not probable that the book will give offence to any school of political thought; yet quietly, gradually, without a trace of the fussiness that springs from prejudice, it puts to flight some of the political ideas which dominated the nineteenth century. The ideas alluded to linger in certain of the nations on the European Continent; but in our own country they have lapsed in a slow process of unconscious cerebration persuading us that they were mostly wrong. To speak plainly: Our marvellous progress since the beginning of the Victorian Era, progress which for a long time was generally supposed to be the result of certain political principles, is almost wholly attributable to inventions in mechanics. The French Revolution, which culminated in the crowning of Napoleon, was the beginning of a new system of social and political theories on the Continent; but the crowning of Queen Victoria was the beginning of "a period of scientific inventions which, emanating from England, were destined to put into the shade the boasted results of the French Revolution, by changing the face of the world and the conditions of human society." Ever since the days of Rousseau, fiery thinkers on the Continent have been endeavouring to lessen the inequalities between classes by asserting that all men are born free and equal; but in Great Britain and Ireland freedom and approximate equality have been gradually "coming in" with the railways and the multiplication of fortunes made in trade and commerce. We Anglo-Saxons, Celts, and other Britons commonly take it for granted that we are duller of imagination than the races of the Continent, that we are not so susceptible to ideas; but is that really so? May not the truth be that in a stolid way we are more critical of ideas than the other races of Europe, and, like a trout when he discovers that what he took to be a fly is a snare compact of feathers and barbed steel, have a genius for rejection before much harm is done?

King Edward VII. was crowned on August 9, 1902. On August 9, 1792, besieged in the Tuileries by their own subjects, the King and Queen of France awaited the tocsin which at midnight was to toll the knell of Monarchy not only in their own land but also in all civilisations. Which is the stabler now: the ideal represented by the French Revolution or the ideal symbolised by the British Crown? There cannot be much doubt on that score. Monarchy is still the rule in the great majority of European States, and this is in itself evidence that Kingship meets a need in human affairs which the doctrinaires of Revolution overlooked. That, however, is not the main aspect of the matter. England, though it did not abolish Monarchy at the invitation of the French Ideologues, was certainly affected

by the general movement of which those ardent men were leaders. We felt that privilege had to be curtailed, and gradually curtailed it; and until quite recently it was popularly believed that this was the work of the political party which claimed to have a monopoly of the principles of progress. Mr. Bodley's examination of this general belief, though so impartial and unimpassioned as to appear quite humourless, is very rinsing. Over our own little Revolution, the first Reform Bill, all England was rather perplexed. One half of the people suspected that it was the beginning of the end of the State; the other looked upon it as being little less than the institution of the earthly paradise. The optimistic moiety were the nearer the truth; but, like a judge on the bench occasionally, they reached the approximately right conclusion from wrong reasoning. Let the case be stated in the words of Mr. Bodley:—

From what Disraeli wrote in his romances shortly after the Coronation of Queen Victoria, it is clear that he anticipated some of the changes which were then rapidly approaching, in consequence of the progress and tendencies of modern commercial society in the railway era. He did not fall into the error which John Stuart Mill attributed to Tocqueville. He did not confound the effects of democracy with the effects of civilisation. When in 1867 he announced that the representation of the people should cease to be the test question which decided general elections, and which divided the two great political parties, he was aware of two things. He knew that in the generation which had elapsed since the Queen came to the throne the territorial class had ceased to be omnipotent in politics, not as a consequence of reform legislation, but as the result of commercial progress, under the changed conditions of production and of transport. He also foresaw that the democracy when enfranchised would not, in its vote, be revolutionary or even liberal. Examples both at home and abroad pointed to this. In France the first result of the introduction of manhood suffrage, after the Revolution of 1848, had been to drive liberalism out of that country (whither it has never returned) and to establish an autocratic and conservative form of government. In England the populous towns, which enjoyed a wide suffrage before 1832, did not send men of extreme ideas or of popular origin to Parliament, even at moments of public agitation. They chose as their members some of the most illustrious statesmen of a great age. Nor did these democratic constituencies encourage their representatives to cultivate advanced opinions, as Burke found out when he had to give up his seat for Bristol because his constituents disapproved his efforts on behalf of religious liberty; while twenty years later, Northampton, with a more democratic franchise, returned Spencer Perceval, who was a Tory Prime Minister in the most reactionary days of Toryism.

Disraeli, who, Mr. Bodley thinks, derived his true prescience from being comparatively a foreigner in England and so being able to cogitate without prejudice, was quite right. Political Reform, at the time, made practically no difference in the social character of the Commons; it has made but little, indeed, to this day. It may be said, "But surely, though the social standing of Parliament has not changed much, its social tendencies have changed completely?" Have they? Mr. Bodley thinks that "a persistent fallacy" underlies the accepted understanding of what the real progress of the nation has been, and of what the causes of that progress were. For example:

With a curious lack of foresight and of capacity to see what was going on at his doors, Mr. Bright believed that the men of his class, when their alleged disabilities were removed, would share his views on the Church, which he regarded as a preserve for "the aristocracy"; on the Game Laws, which, he held, were maintained for the pleasure of "dukes and lords"; and on the Colonies, which he treated as an expensive inheritance of the evil days before the emancipation of the middle classes. The Church has become a popular institution, and owes half of its increased endowments to the munificence of men who have grown rich in trade. Game preserving would have languished without the sporting tastes of those who have acquired wealth in business. The binding of the colonies to the mother-country, under the symbolic influence of the Crown, would have been less effective without

the practical methods and energy of the commercial class, of which a conspicuous exemplar, when the reign of King Edward began, was a statesman whose antecedents were almost identical with those of Mr. Bright, and who was his colleague in the representation of Birmingham.

Neither, that is to say, was early-Victorian Liberalism the cause of England's wonderful progress, nor had its leaders even an elementary perception of the nature of that progress and its probable expansion. The creed which held England in somnolent thrall for so many decades of last century was merely a pale reflection in the minds of half-educated Britons of the fuliginous fallacies of French philosophers. It is far from Mr. Bodley's purpose, and far from ours, to write with wrath about any school of political thought in England. Neither to him nor to ourselves do the English people appear in "the classes and the masses." That is in all respects a very unfortunate phrase. Instead of being an expression of any truth, or of any auspicious principle, it enshrines an individual, and probably momentary, feeling which the history of our race flatly repudiates. England is England still, and the heart of a mighty empire, simply because in all the great essentials of national life Englishmen have practically no divisions of interest or of sentiment. Even as it is not to the illusion known as Liberalism that we owe our progress in social civilization, it is not to the delusion known as Toryism that we owe the continuity of those vigorous traditions which are the envy of all the nations in Europe and of most elsewhere. It is from two broad causes, both of them wholly detached from party politics, that we live under a system of government which Voltaire and Montesquieu deemed an "approach to the limits of human perfection." In the first place, amid all the tumult of the last hundred years, our country, as Mr. Bodley writes, has "produced a race of statesmen, high-minded, cultivated, and eloquent, such as no other community ever brought forth in the same space of time. They brought this country to a commanding place among European nations. They established the public credit. They encouraged the growth of our commerce, which gave birth to a maritime power which as yet has never been assailed." In the second place, "the popularity of the Crown safeguards the whole constitutional edifice. One reason . . . is the impeccability of its constitutional attitude towards the wishes of the nation. The feeling which the Monarchy now inspires reacts upon the policy of the people, and since its beneficial influence has been apparent to the democracy they have grown lukewarm in attacking any of the institutions of the land. No working man would formulate in such terms the reason for the changed attitude of his class, because he is not given to that method of mental process. But, though the democracy be unconscious of the cause of its recoil from iconoclasm, there can be little doubt that it is to the altered position of the Monarchy in the national imagination that we owe the preservation of the constitution, which is a benefit to be fully estimated only by those who have closely studied the working of foreign systems of government." In short, the ancient constitution of England is admirably adapted to modern times simply because our Royal Family have an unrivalled genius for their calling. Mr. Bodley does not exaggerate when, speaking of Queen Victoria, he says that "it was the Sovereign, and not the Statesmen whom she saw around her at her Coronation, not even their successors in the next generation, to whom were chiefly due the growth of the imperial idea and the consequent consolidation of the British Empire." The character of the race counts for much, and the courageous sagacity of statesmen is indispensable; but it is the ancient Crown, worthily worn, and rather more than a symbol, that makes the Empire a joyous and effective reality.

Rossetti v. Ruskin.

ROSSETTI PAPERS, 1862-1870. A Compilation by William Michael Rossetti. (Sands. 10s. 6d. net.)

THIS is the continuation of Mr. W. M. Rossetti's two previous volumes, "Ruskin, Rossetti, and Preraphaelitism," and "Preraphaelite Diaries and Letters." They carried the story of Rossetti, Ruskin, and the circle which revolved about them, to the death of Rossetti's wife. This volume takes it up at the last-named point, and pursues it to the publication of Rossetti's first poetic volume in 1870. It is a curious mixture, at times seeming without other connection than that it concerns all the more or less eminent men whom Mr. W. M. Rossetti has known. A large part of the book is composed of slabs from Mr. W. M. Rossetti's Diary, and far too much of this has no relevance to anybody but Mr. W. M. Rossetti himself. In these (very lengthy) portions it relates what Mr. W. M. Rossetti saw during tours with his brother, what he thought of what he saw, what was paid for vehicles, at hotels, &c., and all the minutiae of tourist jottings. At other times our interest is demanded for the progress of Mr. W. M. Rossetti's "Shelley" and other publications. None the less, the book is full of very interesting letters and scraps (literary, or artistic) of most varied kind; but, through the defective plan of the book, they need searching for. Nor are Mr. W. M. Rossetti's comments on his material always accurate. For instance, Rossetti asks of Madox Brown "What do you think of my putting a nimbus behind my Venus's head? I believe the Greeks used to do it." On this Mr. W. M. Rossetti comments dogmatically and emphatically: "A nimbus was *not* supplied to the head of 'Venus Verticordia'—the oil-picture." Well, "supplied" or no, the nimbus was there, in the mid-eighties when we saw the picture; and impossible to overlook, one would think: for it was a large gilded nimbus—in modern-oil-painting unusual, and notable for its successful harmony with the oil-pigments, which (one would have thought) must necessarily conflict with it.

But the most conspicuous thing in the book is a series of letters from Ruskin to Dante Rossetti, which explain (so far, probably, as it will ever be explained) their final estrangement. It begins, seemingly, with a complaint from Rossetti that Ruskin has disposed of Rossetti drawings or pictures which Rossetti would naturally have expected him to value. This charge Ruskin asserts to be exaggerated, and defends himself in regard to the few cases which he admits. But it is only the trifle which is sign of a much deeper quarrel. Ruskin is thoroughly dissatisfied with the altered tendency of Rossetti's art; and ultimately hints his conviction that such change depends on a deeper change in Rossetti himself. Thus he writes in 1865:—

DEAR ROSSETTI,—It is all right—do not come till you are quite happy in coming—but do not think I am changed. I like your old work as much as ever. I framed (only the other day) the golden girl with black guitar—and I admire all the old water-colours just as much as when they were first done. . . . The change in you may be right—or towards right—but it is in you—not in me. It may not be change, but only the coming-out of a new element. . . . It is true that I am wholly intolerant of what I once forgivingly disliked—bad perspective and such like—for I look upon them as moral insolences and iniquities in any painter of average power; but I am only now what I always was . . . Yours affectionately, J. RUSKIN.

In this and sequent letters we regretfully omit not only parts of the argument, but exceedingly interesting collateral comment and illustration, sometimes illuminating Ruskin's attitude towards other painters and art in general; since we are enforced thereto by the length of the correspondence, which compels much curtailment. In the next letter he unmasks his batteries with regard to the error of

Rossetti's technical change in painting (error from his standpoint):—

There are two methods of laying oil-colour which can be proved right—Van Eyck's (or Holbein's) and Titian's (or Correggio's): one of them involving no display of power of hand, the other involving it *essentially*, and as an element of its beauty. Which of these styles you adopt I do not care. I supposed, in old times, you were going to try to paint like that Van Eyck in the National Gallery, with the man and woman and mirror. If you say—"No, I mean rather to paint like Correggio"—by all means, so much the better—but you are not on the way to Correggio. And you are, it seems, under the (for the present) *fatal* mistake of thinking that you will ever learn to paint well by painting badly, *i.e.*, coarsely. At present you lay your colour ill, and you will only learn by doing so to lay it worse. No great painter ever allowed himself, in the smallest touch, to paint ill, *i.e.*, to daub or smear his paint. . . . I have two distinct other counts against you: your method of study of chiaroscuro; and your permission of modification of minor truths for sensational purposes. I will see what you say to the first count before I pass to the others.

The letter ends with a compliment upon the "sweetness" of Rossetti's own remonstrating letter. The painter evidently replies, objecting to the Correggio comparison, and slighting that painter, while he recalls that Ruskin praised as "wonderful" the painting of honeysuckle in "Venus Verticordia" (which picture Ruskin's letter had disparaged in a passage we have omitted). Ruskin's next two letters mainly assert (and defend the assertion) that Rossetti knows just as much about Correggio as Ruskin did in '45, and no more. The honeysuckles, he says, are wonderful in their realistic power, but "awful" in their coarseness. And he flashes out, at last, something of his deepest quarrel—"I tell you the people you associate with are ruining you" (which is not cryptic to readers of Patmore's fairly recent *Life*). Still, he asks Rossetti to call on him, and seems to think they may put aside their differences. Evidently a further letter from the painter convinced him this was impossible. For in a very long and final letter he breaks off, not friendship, but intercourse between them for the present; the tone of the letter growing more vehement and outspoken as it proceeds. We can but make extracts. Rossetti's letters showed that—

We could not at present, nor for some time yet, be companions any more, though true friends, I hope, as ever. . . . There are many things in which I always have acknowledged, and shall acknowledge, your superiority to me. There are other things in which I just as simply know that I am superior to you. Now in old times I did not care two straws whether you knew or acknowledged in what I was superior to you, or not. . . . But now (being, as I say, irritable and ill) I do care, and I will associate with no man who does not more or less accept my own estimate of myself. . . . And this recognition, observe, is not a matter of will or courtesy. You simply do not see certain characters in me, and cannot see them: still less could you (or should I ask you to) pretend to see them. A day may come when you will be able. Then—without apology—without restraint—come back to me, and we will be as we used to be. It is . . . the ways and thoughts I have seen in you ever since I knew you, coupled with this change of health in myself, which renders this necessary—complicated also by a change in your own methods of work with which I have no sympathy, and which renders it impossible for me to give you the kind of praise which would give you pleasure. There are some things in which I know your present work to be wrong: others in which I strongly *feel* it so. I cannot conquer the feeling, though I do not allege that as a proof of the wrongness. . . . It is of course useless for me, under such circumstances, to talk to you.

So it ends. Ruskin alleges, with amazing frankness (and an emotion which plunges him into a bit of quite vile grammar) the necessity which comes ultimately on most men of genius, to part from all associates who cannot take them at their own estimate. That is why most such men (Rossetti himself) prefer the company of younger

men in their last years. Thus came about Rossetti's bitter jest, when he saw two elephants shambling before him: "There go Wordsworth and Ruskin, taking a virtuous walk together."

A Novelist and the Durbar.

IMPERIAL INDIA. By John Oliver Hobbes. (Unwin.)

THIS little book of seventy odd pages, so simple and direct in form, describing such of the writer's experiences at the Durbar as seemed to her worth recording, is of real and practical interest. It is, in its way, a model of selection; just such a book, in fact, as we should expect from a novelist who has learnt the value of reticence and the art of condensation. Mrs. Craigie has never elaborated her settings; she has always chosen to deal with ideas and meanings rather than to set herself the easier task of describing colour and pageantries and the things which appeal primarily to the eye. The present volume has verbal felicities, but it has no touch of artificial rhetoric, no mere descriptive reporting; neither, on the other hand, does it preach impossible doctrines concerning our treatment of the Indian Empire. Which is to say that the book is sane, moderate, and sincere.

Things are set down as they occurred; impression follows impression, but they are linked together by the point of view which means so much. Mrs. Craigie does not hesitate to criticise, but it is a racial criticism tempered with knowledge, not that too common racial criticism which so often makes the Englishman abroad a nuisance and an offence. Thus when she writes—

It has become a commonplace among the untravelled to speak of the noble oriental manner, and to contrast the vulgar familiarities of modern European society with the dignity, courtesy, and sublime tact of Eastern etiquette,

and proceeds to say that no one on the spot "would maintain that the deportment of the Indian chiefs could bear comparison with that of well-bred Italians, Frenchmen, or Englishmen," we are assured that the point of view is at least well-informed and sincere. Here is another passage which is worth serious consideration:—

. . . . Native noblemen who go abroad assimilate, most unfortunately, all that is astonishing and silly, lamentable and decadent, in Western life. They represent not a new but a most ancient aristocracy; they gravitate by an instinctive, perhaps irresistible, sympathy towards the many inane, often vicious, descendants of the once powerful families of feudal Europe. They drift about killing time, imagining great passions, squandering money, craving notoriety, stimulating the curiosity and wonder of a multitude too wise to follow their example, but not wise enough to treat them with indifference.

Mrs. Craigie does not devote much space to the description of the Durbar itself, but what description there is is admirable. The conclusion must be quoted:—

It may all have been of the earth earthy; it may have seemed to some the supreme exhibition of that vanity of vanities which, so far from lacking hope, is full of confidence whether God or no God is in the world. He is sometimes forgotten by small communities; but among fifty-five thousand souls he can never lack witnesses. And so the Durbar was neither vainglorious, nor a show to impress the better vulgar. It was a worthy expression of all that is best in Imperialism—the desire and aim to administer justice, to deliver the oppressed, to give freedom from anarchy, to dispense mercy in the hour of suffering.

The State Ball the author has not described; instead she has given us an impression of the place in which it was held:—

If one could imagine the Joy of Life wandering restless, homeless, and forgotten, through the world, she would halt at last at Shah Jedan's Eden of Bliss and make it her abiding-place. It is perfect, because of all architects—the Hindu, the Buddhist, the Egyptian, the Jew, the Pagan, the Christian—

the Mahomedan alone could believe in the permanency and the everlasting dominion of the senses. To him there was no mockery in earthly passions; to him there was no need of Epicurean philosophy to dissuade his mind from pondering too bitterly on the evanescence of every delight. . . . To him the absorption of his own soul hereafter in the universal spirit offered no recompense for religious austerities and meditation here; for him the bliss of Moksha was neither credible nor alluring; to him there was no blessedness in mourning, no inheritance for the meek and lowly, no vanity in youth, no folly in love, no snare in bodily beauty, no deception in riches, no adder in the cup, no hidden woe in festivals. And so he was able to create with exultation and security a palace to the greater glory of man.

It is only possible to do justice to this volume by means of quotation—to summarise its contents would be of little service—so we may, perhaps, be forgiven for concluding with another excerpt. This time it deals with the great plains:—

There is a force in these plains as deep and as hungry as the sea; there is, one feels, a world of worlds engulfed in the barren soil; it has a fearful vitality—the ruined city of Fatehpur—Sikri is dead, imperial ancient Rome is dead, Versailles is dead, but the plains breathe as the ocean breathes; they hold a terror which strikes, captivates, appals the imagination. You look away in weariness—the eternal sameness and aridity hold no plea for your love, but your eyes will have caught the dull dye of the sand; the blue dome over Florence, the tenderness of the sky in Touraine, the autumn sunsets off the Hampshire coast will seem unreal and fading impressions after the monochrome of India.

Mrs. Craigie's book is packed with such work as this. We have seen nothing concerning the Durbar of such actual and human value.

The Masked Robbers of the Desert.

A SEARCH FOR THE MASKED TAWAREKS. By W. G. Harding King. (Smith, Elder.)

THIS is a quite interesting book about a people known to Englishmen only through vague rumour. The Tawareks are the tribesmen who have long made trouble for the French in the neighbourhood of Moroccan territory, and French Africa generally bordering on the Saharan tribes. They are known to readers of the newspaper telegrams mostly under the French form of their name, as Touaregs. Even to the lawless Arab tribes which surround them, they are a by-word for lawlessness, and are regarded by them as downright God-forsaken—they have the repute of devil-worshippers indeed, though by profession Mohammedans. They are notorious to Europeans and natives alike both for their raids and their treachery. Their very dress marks them out from the surrounding tribes against whom their hand is and whose hand is against them. They go abroad with faces masked by a black *litham* or kind of cowl; but unlike the masked highwayman of English history, they retain the face-veil even before the familiars of their household. From their remote position in the Sahara and their truculently warlike character they have kept independence later than their neighbours; and few Europeans have penetrated to them. To investigate them, and if possible by photographs help to clear the question of their race, was Mr. Harding King's object. For they are not Arabs, but Berbers, a disputed and no doubt mixed people.

Most of Mr. King's book concerns his effort to reach the Tawareks; but though all of it is bright, observant, and interesting, we may fix our attention on the final chapters, which relate the fulfilment of his object. Despite their treachery and cruelty, though they live by robbery and (like Rob Roy) blackmail for protecting caravans from the pillage in which they are foremost, they are civilised beyond their Arab neighbours. In particular, women have a uniquely high place among them. The line of descent is female; a dead chief being succeeded by his

sister's, not his own, son. The girls marry at their pleasure; and the young warrior, before setting off on a raid, goes to his lady-love for a token—a ring, or stone-bracelet, which she places on his arm, inscribing on it his name or some apt sentiment. Nor, if he fail to distinguish himself, is she slow to withdraw her favour. The wife has her own property, and is often richer than her husband. A girl will mount her camel and ride fifty miles, alone, to see her lover, fearless of interference. The women, it is not surprising to learn, consider a husband a necessary but rather troublesome incumbrance; and the woman is indeed the most important person in the family, while monogamy is general. The author, by happy chance, got a chief's womenkind to unveil for his camera while the men were away, that their beauty might be set before Europe.

They behaved exactly like the "three little girls from school" in the "Mikado." . . . I got them into a good position, and was just about to make the exposure, when one of them suddenly hid her face with her shawl and burst into an uncontrollable spasm of giggling, in which of course the others immediately joined. As soon as this attack had passed off, and I had reduced the group again to stillness, the woman on the right, feeling that her shawl was tickling her ear, put up her hand, thereby completely hiding her face, in order to arrange it more comfortably. I put her straight, got her still, and was focussing her again in the view-finder, when a movement caught my eye on the other side of the group, and drew my attention to the fact that the girl on the left had turned her face completely away, and was playfully arranging the third girl's shawl so as entirely to conceal her face. My discovery of this trick set the whole three into a fresh fit of giggling, from which it took them two or three minutes to recover. As soon as this had subsided, the girl in the centre, growing tired of sitting still for so long, heaved a great sigh of boredom, turned suddenly round, and called out a question to someone inside the tent; and so they went on. . . . I succeeded in getting one snapshot of them; and then, in order to obtain a full-face view and arrest for a few moments their attention, I told them to look at the shutter and watch it jump when I pressed the lever. This plan succeeded; for a moment they were motionless, and before they had time to turn away again I was able to get a second photograph of the group.

The men were very different; unutterably dirty, taciturn, and uncovering at most only the face about the eyes.

They were not a prepossessing lot, and they had no manners at all. When addressed they glanced shiftyly at the speaker, moved uneasily on their seats, scratched their filthy bodies with their still more filthy paws, took snuff, slightly raised their black masks, and spat. They then mumbled some evasive reply, muttered an aside in their thick guttural speech, and in one or two cases rose to their feet and stalked lugubriously away. What they lacked in manners I very soon found they more than made up for in "side." They never raised their voices to the ordinary conversational pitch—that they considered to be undignified. When they moved about they did not walk; they stalked very slowly about with the air of a leading tragedian playing "Hamlet."

Yet these men are gentlemen, even chivalrous, in their way. A French general got one of them to Algiers, whence he disappeared in utter boredom. But while he stayed, he rose to the situation. At one French house, the daughter asked him to write in her album. The great black-masked Tawarek promptly replied to the request with a poem in his own tongue—thus:—

Thy name, Angelina, has inspired my soul with a love that will never be extinguished!

For love of thee I would go even as far as France.

Thine eye kills by its brilliance and deprives the heart of man of wisdom.

If it were possible to assess thy value I would give for thee six thousand pieces of gold.

For thee I would give my best camel. Before this damsel attained to womanhood we thought that the gazelle never took the human form, but now we have seen this prodigy.

If this young girl were to come to our country of the plain, there is not a single man who would not come from far or near to see her.

One young Tawarek noble the author got to unveil for the camera—with brown blushes, averted head, and drooped lids like a shamed girl, so unheard of was the thing. And his face (here given) is as the face of a handsome European woman, with an aquilinity of nose somewhat suggesting a softened and beautiful Red Indian type. A face of singular beauty in any nationality, much more in a robber of the desert. Let us add that, while some of these men were dark, others were white; and they have preserved the Berber type in exceptional purity.

The Official as Author.

MY COLONIAL SERVICE. By Sir G. William Des Voeux, G.C.M.G. 2 vols. (John Murray. 24s. net.)

IN spite of the great and increasing interest which the British Colonies excite to-day in the public mind, the literature of our Crown colonies remains scanty in amount and indifferent in quality, and the material supplied by Sir William Des Voeux's two volumes of reminiscences will be welcomed by many readers for its interest and novelty. The mere list of the colonies in which the author served his country is a remarkable testimony to the variety and extent of that country's activities. British Guiana, St. Lucia, Trinidad, Fiji, Australia, Newfoundland, and Hong Kong all figure upon the title page. Nor is the variety a mere matter of geography. The interests and problems of each colony are its own, and English character and English institutions have found in each a different material upon which to work. In Newfoundland, Hong Kong, and Fiji, England has dealt for the most part with new material upon which no other European hands have worked. In British Guiana, Trinidad, and St. Lucia she has taken up a task begun by Holland, Spain, and France respectively. The variety of her responsibilities and experiences has taught her that most valuable of all lessons, that the work is necessarily conditioned by its materials, and that no single system will meet the requirements of surroundings so diverse. These volumes illustrate very instructively the manner in which general principles of law and government have been adapted to varying circumstances, and form a valuable complement to such a book as Earl Grey's "Colonial Policy of the Administration of Lord John Russell," which shows the same process from the centre instead of from the circumference. Sir William Des Voeux can look back, it is clear, upon a useful and honourable career, a feature of which was his steady advocacy of the rights of subject races, which gained him from time to time a creditable unpopularity; but in justice to him it should be said that of that career this book is not an altogether adequate reflection. As a writer he suffers from an egotism of a rather unpleasant type. He has not learned to obey the salutary injunction, "Fret not thyself because of evil-doers," and in consequence the reader is regaled *ad nauseam* with the misdeeds of Governor A. B. C. and Commissioner X. Y. Z. The recipients of the largest share of abuse are, the preface informs us, protected by fictitious initials, but the author is "aware that the persons indicated will be recognised by some." Quite apart from the probability of such recognition, it is a little distressing to the reader to learn how the author was set to repair the mischief wrought by one incapable after another, how he was thwarted by refractory and malicious subordinates, or jealous and unappreciative superiors, how Mr. Worldly Wiseman or Sir Facing Bothways, K.C.M.G., won the ear of complacent Secretaries of State, and attained promotion before him, and how, at

the close of a career in which dogged uprightness had forced its way through the barriers of official obstruction, the skinflints of the Treasury paid him off with an inadequate pension. The book would have gained in attractiveness as much as it lost in bulk by the omission of this kind of writing. And it would also have gained by the reduction of the "interludes" in which the author recounts uninteresting things about interesting people whom he met when on leave. One sentence of such an interlude attains to a sublimity of pointlessness which compels quotation. Speaking of a letter from Mr. Robert Lowe—whe first persuaded him to learn to ride a bicycle—Sir William observes: "In the same letter, referring to a recent article in 'The Times,' the purport of which I have forgotten, he said that its argument was a *petitio principii*." Fortunately, a Colonial Governor does not require the same qualities as a *raconteur*.

The Franciscan.

THE FRIARS AND HOW THEY CAME TO ENGLAND. Being a translation of Thomas of Eccleston's "De Adventu F.F. Minotum in Angliam." Done into English, with an Introductory Essay on the Spirit and Genius of the Franciscan Friars. By Father Cuthbert. (Sands. 5s.)

THIS is a translation in very good and simple English, of a valuable and exceedingly interesting mediæval chronicle, which relates the arrival and gradual establishment of the Franciscans in England. If it has the Anglo-Saxon matter-of-factness, it is yet thoroughly attractive in the simple and intimate picture we get of those early Friars' lives, sitting (as Father Cuthbert quotes from Brewer) in their cell or their refectory and warming their little drop of sour beer; or (in the case of the novices) receiving in the form of apologue the admonitions of the Provincial Minister; or shedding tears over his Mass in the little wooden chapel. Thomas of Eccleston's short history certainly deserved a translator.

But this book has the peculiarity (unique in our experience) that the Introductory Essay occupies just about half the volume, or (allowing for its larger print) perhaps somewhat less in actual calculation. Still, the larger print in itself gives a special prominence to the essay; it looks as though it claimed at least an equality of consideration. And though the chief and permanent value must remain with the translation, as regards immediate interest we are not sure that this curious departure from all custom and precedent does not justify itself. The essay, in fact, is a very thoughtful and clear exposition of the historic significance, the meaning and aim of the Franciscan Order; which in some respects breaks new ground and takes an original point of view; while the author's position as a member of the Order ensures inside knowledge. The tendency, he says, has been to praise Francis of Assisi at the expense of the Order he founded. But either we must count him an ineffectual dreamer, whose dream died with him, or we must recognise that he was the begetter of a great movement, the instrument of which has been his Order; the forger of a weapon which acted long after his death. That such a begetter he was is the author's contention. He points out that the founding of the Order coincided with the weakening of the feudal systems and the birth of a democratic spirit, centred in the town and universities, which was hostile alike to the baronage and the Church, which it identified with the feudal system. The worldliness of the high-placed clergy gave plausibility to that view; and the disruption of both Church and State seemed imminent. Along with the new spirit of freedom, fostered by the municipal towns with their commercial wealth, was a recrudescence of piety, based on a mysticism which regarded with a personal devotion the

humanity of Christ. The Franciscan movement came to the rescue of society and the Church, by combining these two disjoined and often conflicting tendencies. It sought to reproduce in the individual the life of Christ, in his poverty and sympathy with the suffering poor. It set Poverty on a pinnacle, as the bride of Christ. And the constitution of the Order was (as it remains) democratic beyond all precedent. It reduced ceremonial observances and formal rule to the lowest point consistent with a common life. The monastery became a mere centre whence the friar went forth on his work among the people, and to which he returned for retreat and rest before setting forth again (as virtually it still is). The friars gradually and instinctively gravitated to the two chief centres of unrest—the towns and the universities. Their work and methods were and are individualistic, rather than those of a society, as in the case of the monks. Each friar went forth alone, animated only by the common spirit and ideal. Thus they consecrated the democratic impulse (so to speak), reclaimed it for religion, and helped it to a peaceful triumph over feudalism. Much of the essay goes to show that the Order, despite relapses and necessary changes of external development, has been virtually true to its first spirit, has remained the Order of poverty and the poor. No Order, says the author, can so little be measured by outward constitutions; since its forms are slight and democratic, its essence a traditional spirit and ideal. "The Franciscan who ceases to aspire ceases to be Franciscan," is his pithy and striking aphorism. We have barely touched some points of an essay well worth attention, which, with the translation, makes up a thoroughly interesting volume.

Stevensoniana.

MEMORIES OF VAILIMA. By Isobel Strong and Lloyd Osbourne. (Constable. 3s. 6s. net.)

IN spite of Stevenson's prevailing personality, his unfailing charm, we are not sure that such a volume as this is well-advised. It contains practically nothing new, nothing that has not been printed or heard before in various forms. There comes a point where we cry—enough! a point when we desire to have no more trivial details and are content to go to our bookshelves for the work of the man himself. Yet we have read this slightest of volumes with some interest in spite of the conviction that it is superfluous, in spite of the conviction, also, that it contains too much sentiment. The hero-worship of Mrs. Strong and Mr. Osbourne is natural enough—we could, perhaps, expect nothing else. At the same time, and so many years after Stevenson's death, we find it rather trying. And in saying this we do not mean in the least to detract from Stevenson's power of inspiring affection, still less to detract from his genius; we say it merely to mark our sense of what we are inclined to call a certain lack of propriety in the volume before us.

The section called "Vailima Table-Talk" consists of jottings from a journal which Mrs. Strong began to keep in 1892. This journal contains scraps of Stevenson's talk, characteristic sentences and stories. Now although these for the most part are well enough, we cannot escape the feeling that their publication serves no particular purpose. Mrs. Strong has certainly exercised a wise discretion in omitting intimate details, but even so we have the uneasy conviction that these things were not said for print. However, let us take them for what they are.

The volume contains some pleasant, characteristic, and occasionally beautiful verse. The poem written in 1872, which is prefixed to the book, is not by any means up to the level which Stevenson's later critical and artistic development would have passed, but the verses addressed to Mother and Daughter (Mrs. Stevenson and Mrs. Strong) and to Mrs. Strong alone are, within their compass, about

as good as they could be. We quote from those addressed to Mrs. Strong the following fragrant lines:—

Her pantry and her kitchen squad,
Six-footers all, obey her nod,
Incline to her their martial chests,
With school-boy laughter hail her jests,
And do her in her kilted dress
Obsequious obeisances.
So, dear, may you be never done
Your pretty busy round to run,
And show with changing frocks and scents,
Your ever-varying lineaments:
Your saucy step, your languid grace,
Your sullen and your smiling face,
Sound sense, true valour, baby fears,
And bright, unreasonable tears.
The Hebe of our aging tribe:
Matron and child, my friend and scribe.

One of the most interesting things in the book is the brief record of a conversation which Stevenson had with Sir George Grey. Stevenson called upon the old and experienced Ex-Governor and Ex-Premier of New Zealand at Auckland to ask his advice about Samoan affairs, and Stevenson reported the conversation to Mrs. Strong.

Sir George Grey said:—

Let me give you a piece of advice from my own experience—pay no attention to attacks, go on doing what you are doing for the good of Samoa; the time will come when it will be appreciated, and I am one of the few men who have lived long enough to learn this. . . . You may have thought you stopped at Samoa on a whim. You may think me old-fashioned, but I believe it was Providence. There is something over us; and when I heard that a man with the romantic imagination of a novelist had settled down in one of those islands, I said to myself, these races will be saved!

Since then change has been busy, and it is sadly doubtful whether this simple and kindly prophecy will be fulfilled.

We pass over the references to the work upon which Stevenson was engaged during these years—mainly, "St. Ives" and "Heir of Hermiston"—because those who have read the Letters will already be acquainted with all which Mrs. Strong has here set down. For the same reason we pass over Mr. Osbourne's "Home Life at Vailima"; it contains nothing which we have not known for many a long day.

Other New Books.

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD. By Oliver Goldsmith. Illustrated by T. Rowlandson.

JORROCKS'S JAUNTS AND JOLLITIES. By R. S. Surtees. Illustrated by Henry Alken.

HANDLEY CROSS. By R. S. Surtees. Illustrated by John Leech. (Methuen.)

THE three latest additions to the "Illustrated Pocket Library of Plain and Coloured Books." Not much remains to be said nowadays of Rowlandson's work; it has astonishing qualities as well as astonishing defects. Interesting, however, as his illustrations to "The Vicar of Wakefield" are, it must be admitted that he was not the man to express pictorially the delicate humour, the sensitive pathos, of Goldsmith's little masterpiece. Here and there, perhaps, there is a sense of beauty in these drawings; "The Dance," for instance, has something of grace, but it is marred by the grotesquerie which was the very heart of Rowlandson's being. Take, on the other hand, his drawing "Hunting the Slipper," and you see at once that he was absurdly out of sympathy with his author. The figure of the Vicar's eldest daughter in the centre of the circle is merely ugly and coarse—just such a figure as he might appropriately have set in a Billingsgate crowd. Through-

out the Vicar himself never resembles a man: he is a doll badly stuffed with sawdust.

The sporting novels of R. S. Surtees are too well known to call for lengthened comment—they are, in their way, inimitable, though it seems doubtful whether they will achieve the final palm of the inimitable. Alken's illustrations to "Jorrock's Jaunts and Jollities" cannot be compared with Leech's illustrations to Surtees' later work. Alken, when he drew figures, was usually laboured and ineffective; Leech had the real genius for character. We have looked through his drawings to "Handley Cross" with renewed delight; they have subtle qualities which repay careful study. The coloured reproductions in this volume have been admirably made.

Surtees' work is well within the memory of many people now living. This exemplary sporting J.P. and High Sheriff for Durham died only a matter of forty years ago. Yet, to the present generation, his work has a certain old-fashioned air; it is diffuse, a little hard, and unmistakably long-winded. But when every allowance has been made it remains so vivid and boisterous that we have no hope of an immediate successor. Surtees was a master of the old traditions, and change has not yet brought forth a rival. Messrs. Methuen have done a service to small purses by producing these books so cheaply and so well.

POMPEI AS IT WAS AND AS IT IS. By Bagot Molesworth. (Skeffington. 25s. net.)

MR. MOLESWORTH has told the story of the destruction of Pompei not for experts, but quite simply; almost, indeed, in the manner of a schoolmaster talking to fairly intelligent boys. He naturally bases his account on Pliny, from whom he quotes frequently, usually giving an English rendering in brackets. But although the manner of the volume is not all that could be desired, the matter is well enough, and the main facts are concisely stated. The main interest of the book, however, lies in its excellent photographic illustrations, taken by the author. We have seldom seen better photographs of this city, which was and is not, and is again to-day. The photographs of some of the mural decorations in the Casa dei Vetti are as good as they could well be, and some of the interior photographs, notably that of the triumphal arch in the Forum, could hardly be bettered. Mr. Molesworth's book would form an admirable guide to the intelligent tourist who finds himself in Pompei, but in its present large and expensive form, it could hardly serve that purpose. We see no reason, however, why the text and certain of the illustrations should not be produced at a very moderate cost.

THE INFLUENCE OF JESUS. By the Right Rev. Phillips Brooks. (Macmillan. 6s.)

THESE four lectures were delivered at Philadelphia in the year 1879 on the Bohlen foundation, which, in the conditions laid down by the testator, corresponds to the Bampton lectureship at Oxford. But it need hardly be said that in treating such subjects as the Influence of Jesus on the Moral Life of Man, on the Social Life of Man, on the Emotional Life of Man, on the Intellectual Life of Man, the great American preacher troubles himself little enough about the limitations of Nicene or Constantinopolitan orthodoxy. It is not a little curious to observe how a bishop of a daughter church of the post-Reformation Church of England, which declares that the dogmas of the first four General Councils may be proved by sure warrant of Holy Scripture, can treat his august theme as if those four Councils had never sat. That he treats it admirably on the lines of nature is sure; but if John Bohlen, as from the terms of his bequest may fairly be

assumed, was of one mind with John Bampton, his must be a troubled spirit among the Shades. That Jesus was the son of God in any other sense than are we all, was no part of Phillips Brooks' Christology. And it is in that sense of common filial relation that the lecturer sums up the mind of Jesus—as "a truth beyond which the soul cannot, or at least need not, go."

Fiction.

SIR JULIAN THE APOSTATE. By Mrs. Clement Parsons. (Heinemann. 6s.)

THOSE who look here for an inverted John Inglesant will not find him, but are not likely to quarrel with Mrs. Parsons for the plagal insincerity of her title. Sir Julian is a philanderer of rather ideal purity who detaches himself from the skirts of a fashionable matron in order to espouse the natural child of her husband. Uncommon skill is shown in the portraiture of Mrs. Farrer-Hammond, the matron in question. Her ferocious plain-speaking at a certain crisis of the story almost bankrupts one's faith in her reality, but in the end we see that she has a vitality which does not require the confirmation of real life. The men in the story are not successful, unless we except Mr. Farrer-Hammond who, as an imbecile invalid, has little to do but look weird and, in spite of bright fire, blooming flowers and singing canaries, emanates "the essential breath of the tomb." But the sane men are too naïf in their revulsion about the heroine and her half-sister, and one is truly sorry to doubt the existence of the honest doctor who dies so touchingly on the last page. Still it is a man who asks the charming question, "Now will that picture e-venchally turn out a hile or a 'and-painted one, miss?" We must compliment Mrs. Parsons in producing, so far as her nature-descriptions go, a pleasant effect of things seen with her own eyes and faithfully poeticised with her own hand.

EVERY. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.)

THERE is a certain literary feeling about this very slight sketch of married life, that makes up to some extent for its slightness. The story—what there is of it—tells how a very selfish man allows himself to impose upon the unselfish affection of his wife, until a dream that he has under gas reveals to him something of his real conduct towards her, and he rushes home to find that she has succumbed in his absence to one of the heart attacks he has always pretended to ignore, ill-health being distasteful to him. At the height of his remorse, however, the physician arrives beside the death-bed, and effects something like a miracle by inducing artificial respiration and bringing the wife back to life. We do not know on what authority the author considers this to be possible, but even if she knows that it is so, she has not succeeded in making it very convincing to the reader. The same may be said of Avery's dream, which is obviously inserted to help the purpose of the book at the expense of its probability; and it seems to us an artistic flaw in the story that its only two dramatic situations should owe their existence to the same kind of trickery. In the first place, we are led from one thrilling incident to another, only to find that it was all a dream; and in the second, we are asked to feel the poignancy of a tragic situation that is not tragic at all.

But, as we began by saying, the treatment of the story redeems to some extent its faults of construction. The character drawing is really good. There are practically only two people in the book, for the physician scarcely

counts, but those two are very cleverly contrasted. Neither is an interesting personality in itself. The husband is a poor sort of an egoist, and the wife rather tiresomely fond of effacing herself; but they both present themselves to us as real people. We should not want to meet them in real life, but we feel sure that they are there to be met. It is a question whether it is worth while to expend cleverness and observation and perception on the presentment of people that most of us are not interested in knowing; but the author of "Avery" is at least sincere in her work, and we are grateful to her for not asking us to believe in impossible puppets as well as in rather unconvincing situations.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

CHILDREN OF TEMPEST.

BY NEIL MUNRO.

"A Tale of the Outer Isles," by the author of "John Splendid." The plot turns on an old story of Charles Edward's visit to Uist, and of the treasure then buried, which was to belong to the descendants of a certain family if no new rebellion took place within fifty years. Of the life of the Hebrides, Mr. Munro writes with the romantic instinct and with intimate knowledge. The story originally appeared in "Blackwood's Magazine." (Blackwood. 6s.)

A DRAMA OF SUNSHINE.

BY MRS. AUDREY RICHARDSON.

"Played in Homburg." This is the sixth volume of "The First Novel Library," and is a brightly written story of fashionable life, moving also in high political circles. The heroine is described by another character as "one of these restless, high-strung queens of fashion." When the story opens she cherishes the secret desire of becoming the Egeria of a great statesman. "She sensed the delight of manipulating destinies and of ordering careers." The other characters are carefully drawn, and include some distinguished personages. (Unwin. 6s.)

LUCIAN THE DREAMER.

BY J. S. FLETCHER.

A study of an interesting temperament. When he came to live with his relatives in an English village Lucian was twelve years old, and an orphan. "'I am to be a poet—a great poet,' he said, with serious face and a straight stare from the violet eyes, whose beauty brought everyone captive to his feet. 'It is my destiny.'" He made an attempt to revive Tragedy on the lines of pure Greek Art, and when calamity overtook him he went to South Africa. The book closes with a war scene. (Methuen. 6s.)

CARITA.

BY EYRE HUSSEY.

A "holiday novel," dedicated to the members of the Leander Club, "who have endured hardness by flood and field." The artist called her Carita because when he first saw her she was sharing her dinner with her dog and giving him more than his share. She lived in a squalid locality, but the story takes us to Henley Regatta, which is the subject of a vivid representation on the cover. These are four illustrations. (Jacob. 3s. 6d.)

SUSANNAH AND ONE ELDER.

BY E. MARIA ALBANESI.

A domestic story, by the author of "Love and Louisa." When we first meet Susannah she gathers mushrooms at the dawn of an early August morning. Her mother was a widow with a mania for speculation, and her sister the wife of a baronet who was not without cause for jealousy.

The story moves from the farm to a country house, and closes with the happy engagement of Susannah. (Methuen. 6s.)

SAID THE FISHERMAN.

BY MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.

The story of the wanderings of Said, who set out across the sand because the loss of his possessions made it clear that a devil had a spite against him. "It were well for thee to take thy staff and thy woman and go into some far country—into Masr or into the sunset which lies beyond." The atmosphere of the book is vividly Oriental, and there are pictures of the disturbances at Alexandria in 1882. It was in the riot that followed the evacuation of the town by Arabi that the fisherman met his death. (Methuen. 6s.)

A FRONTIERSMAN.

BY ROGER POOCK.

A story of no plot but many adventures, with a strong note of Imperialism. The narrator began life in an old battleship "used for the training of boys unconvicted of crime but under suspicion; in my case to be painfully confirmed." By the third chapter he is working on the Canadian Pacific Railway, and in his subsequent career we find him in turn among journalists, savages, Yokohama pirates, traders, cowboys, goldminers, and at last in the South African War. (Methuen. 6s.)

THE TURQUOISE CUP.

BY ARTHUR COSSLETT SMITH.

The volume contains two stories, "The Turquoise Cup" and "The Desert." The cup was the one in the treasury of St. Mark's, which the Earl of Vauxhall desired to purchase for the heiress who had consented to marry him on that condition. There is a Cardinal Archbishop with a sense of humour, and the story has a pleasing atmosphere of comedy. "The Desert" opens in an oasis of the Sahara. (Lane. 5s.)

THE BAPTIST RING.

BY WEATHERBY CHESNEY.

About the ring there was a mystery. The squire had disinherited his eldest son and had left him only the ring or the alternative shilling. The story deals with the careers of the two brothers, the one in possession of the estate, and the other of the ring. The latter began life as a journalist, but the ring worked its wonder in the end, and the last chapter is entitled "Golden Bells." (Methuen. 6s.)

THE WASHINGTONIANS.

BY P. B. MACKIE.

An American novel of the Civil War. The action passes in Washington, and the interest of the story is largely domestic, with the political aspect of the struggle for a background. It opens with a dinner party at which we meet some senators, a secretary of state, and the wife of the Russian Minister. The book has a serious tone, and the plot turns on a contested presidential election. (Bell. 6s.)

We have also received: "Iskander," by Marshall M. Kirkman (Simpkin, Marshall); "The Midnight Special," by Burford Delannoy (Milne); "Hugh Brotherton, Curate," by Frances Home (Ward, Lock); "Against the Pikes," by Mary F. A. Tench (Russell); "Red Saunders," by Henry Wallace Phillips (Limpus, Baker); "The Adventures of Prince Aga Mirza," by Aquila Kempster (Unwin); "Light and Shade," by Arthur H. Holmes (Burleigh); "Boy and Girl," by C. F. de M. M. (Drane); "The House that Jack Built," by Darley Dale (Everett); "Three Men and a Maid," by Phil Ludlow (Drane); "Deficient Saints," by Marshall Saunders (Bell).

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Mayfair in Life and Literature.

MAYFAIR, which knows so much change between one half of the year and the other, is really the most changeless faubourg of London. Into its select parallelogram of streets no rude current has flowed for two hundred years. As the first Eden had its four protecting rivers, Pison, Gihon, Hiddekel, and Euphrates, so our Eden of rank and fashion is laved by those four great streams of humanity, Bond Street, Oxford Street, Park Lane, and Piccadilly, and is known to their millions vaguely as "a place where there is gold; and the gold of that land is good; there is bdellium and the onyx stone."

Even the plebeian part of Mayfair is a place alone, and is, indeed, the most secret little nest of streets and shops in London. Here coachmen in mufti, footmen in undress, and valets in misfits take their beer and the odds with infinite discretion. Lord Beaconsfield's description of Shepherd's Market in "Tancred" is touched in with a loving hand, and much of it stands good to-day. The link-boys are gone, but the iron extinguishers they used are still seen outside the houses in Berkeley Square. These streets of rectilinear calm are now, as then, "the world of the Georges and the Jemmys," or, as we should say, of the Archies and the Berties, "of Mr. Cassilis and Mr. Melton; of the Milfords and the Fitzherons, the Berners and the Egertons, the Mr. Ormsbys and the Alfred Mountchesneys."

Mayfair remains Mayfair because it has no continuance into other regions. The railing of Hyde Park is the Assuan dam of fashion, arresting that historic flow westward which left Bloomsbury desolate and Covent Garden dissolute. Some loss there is to Chelsea and Knightsbridge; and pantehnicons have been seen in Park Lane; but as a whole Mayfair remains London's great reservoir of rank. In Grosvenor Square alone twelve peers, five baronets, and an ambassador are herded. Built in 1695, this world-famed square has not ceased to be what Malcolm called it a century ago, "the very focus of feudal grandeur, elegance, fashion, taste, and hospitality." Even then it had been for fifty years the conventional residence of novel-heroes.

Yet novels and "Peerages" are not the only books that carry you into these sacrosanct regions. According to the books (which now include "Mayfair" in the "Fascination of London" series (Black)) we may connect with Grosvenor Square the names of Lord Chesterfield and Dr. Johnson, the lettered aristocrat and the aristocrat of letters. Whether Lord Chesterfield really lived in Grosvenor Square, as Mr. Mitton states, between the years 1733 and 1750 we are not prepared to determine. It is in the books: Mr. Wheatley has it: but it is a great deal easier to prove that Lord Chesterfield resided during these years at the Hague, in Dublin, Paris, Spa, Bath, Isleworth, Blackheath, and elsewhere than it is to discover him in Grosvenor Square. If he kept a house there during these seventeen years it must have been famous for its drawn blinds. However, he was there in 1741, for

Mr. Wheatley points out that he wrote thence in September of that year to Bubb Dodington: "I am entirely at the service of you and the rest of my friends who mean the public good. I shall either fight or run away, as you shall determine. If the Duke of Argyle sounds to battle, I will follow my leader; if he stays in Oxfordshire, I'll stay in Grosvenor Square."

Was it from this mansion that Dr. Johnson was repulsed? According to the Doctor's words, "Seven years, my Lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door,"—written in 1755, the incident must have taken place in 1748, when Chesterfield is said to have been living in the Square. But the point is none too clear, and in his well-known picture, now in the National Gallery, E. M. Ward has laid the scene in Chesterfield's next residence, his great house, built by himself in Mayfair proper, and still standing as "Chesterfield House," in Curzon Street. However, Dr. Johnson had other and pleasanter reasons for coming sometimes to Grosvenor Square. His friend Thrale had a house there, wherein he died in 1781. This fact explains a curiously isolated story of Johnson in Smith's "Book for a Rainy Day," where that gossip tells how he saw the Doctor "follow a sturdy thief who had stolen his handkerchief in Grosvenor Square, seize him by the collar with both hands, and shake him violently; then, letting him loose, give him such a powerful smack on the face as sent him reeling off the pavement." Both the peer and the pickpocket had reason to repent their treatment of Johnson in this region.

Lord Chesterfield was the virtual father of Mayfair. In Ducking-pond Mews, close to Curzon Street, you are still reminded of the fields north of Piccadilly, in which somewhat daringly, for the place was desolate enough, the witty worldling built himself the stately Chesterfield House. He said himself that he had situated his home among thieves and murderers, and should require a house-dog. The plebeian May Fair, from which the district took its name, had been both suppressed and revived, and between these events there had been some timid building on and near the ground, but the houses had gone to ruin for want of tenants. The noble sport of duck-hunting was, however, still maintained at the "Dog and Duck," and here on a pond, whose site is now covered by Hertford Street, cockney sportsmen came with their spaniels on Sunday mornings. Even then Mayfair was a trifle exclusive, for twopence was charged for admission to the sports, the proprietor explaining that this levy was made to keep out "such as are not liked." To these salubrious surroundings the Earl brought his British bricklayers and his Italian artists, enjoying to the full the spectacle of his rising home. In 1749 it was still far from complete: "I have yet finished nothing but my boudoir and my library," he wrote to Solomon Dayrolles (the friend to whom with his dying breath, in the same house, he offered a chair); "the former," he confidently added, "is the gayest and most cheerful room in England, the latter the best." Half the great English writers, from Chaucer to Swift, looked down from the walls of this room, and at the house-warming in 1752 the guests in the Italian drawing-room looked on paintings by Titian, Salvator Rosa, Guido, and Rubens. The marble staircase came from Cannons, the C's in its iron-work, which had stood for Chandos, now standing for Chesterfield. Everywhere busts and "voluptuous vases" met the eye, and in the midst of all the social dictator received his friends with his matchless bows, and turned them into enemies with his matchless sarcasms—"those pointed, glittering weapons," Lord Hervey called them, "that seemed to shine only to a stander-by, but cut deep into those they touched." Horace Walpole said: "Chesterfield took no less pains to be the phoenix of fine gentlemen, than Tully did to qualify himself as an orator: Tully immortalised his name: Chesterfield's reign lasted a little longer than that

of a fashionable beauty." Withal, it was said of Chesterfield that he was always "present" in his company: wit and wits were his, and unfailing grace. But the death of the son, on whom he had lavished so much famous and infamous advice, left the old man forlorn, and thereafter much of his time was spent at Blackheath. "The fact is," he jested, bitterly enough, "I have been dead these two years, but I don't choose to have it known."

Meanwhile new streets and houses had risen round Chesterfield House, and Mayfair had become what it is to-day, the residential cream of London. Built almost entirely within twenty years, its streets are much of an age; and it is probable that the tenants of nearly all the houses in its best streets, from the first to the last, could be ascertained. Mr. Mitton's sketch of the neighbourhood resolves itself, naturally enough, into something like a retrospective Red Book in which so much is included that it would perhaps be ungracious to complain of any smaller omission than the neglect to mention that Lord Beaconsfield died at 19, Curzon Street.

Literary memories abound in these choice streets. Gibbon buried himself among his books in Bond Street, remarking: "While coaches were rattling through Bond Street I have passed many solitary evenings in my lodgings with my books." Here Thomson stayed in bed. Here Boswell asked Johnson to dinner with Sir Joshua, Garrick, and Goldsmith, and heard Goldsmith puff Mr. Filby, and Johnson say that the description of the temple in "The Mourning Bride" was the finest poetical passage he had ever read. Here, at No. 41, over a wig-maker's shop, Sterne died, to be buried in Bayswater, and (it is said) to be dissected at Cambridge. Near are the familiar haunts of Scott and Byron. In Bruton Street lived at various dates Horace Walpole, Sheridan, and Mrs. Jamieson; in Dover Street, Evelyn, Pope, Arbuthnot, Lady Byron; in Chesterfield Street, George Selwyn; in Bolton Street, Madame d'Arblay; in Clarges Street, Mrs. Delany and Edmund Kean; here also Elizabeth "Epictetus" Carter died a very old woman; in Half Moon Street one of Shelley's children was born; in Down Street Hazlitt mused half the day at his breakfast table and inebriated himself with tea. In Park Street Lydia White refused to surrender to the infirmities of age, and gave her literary dinners to her literary lions with pathetic fortitude. "Poor Lydia!" exclaims Scott, "I saw the Duke of York and her in London, when Death, it seems, was brandishing his dart over them: 'The view o't gave them little fright.'"

Nor did it "give fright" to Lord Chesterfield, who said to Monsieur Suard, when that gentleman had called on him, "I do not detain you for I must go and rehearse my funeral," meaning his regular drive through the London streets. He died in Chesterfield House, having long lost the savour of life. "I have been," he said, "behind the scenes both of pleasure and business; I have seen all the coarse pulleys and dirty ropes which exhibit and move all the gaudy machines; and I have seen and smelt the tallow candles which illuminate the whole decoration, to the astonishment and admiration of the ignorant multitude." He desired to be buried in the nearest convenient place to where he died, and was therefore laid in Grosvenor Chapel; later his remains were removed to the family vaults in Nottinghamshire. But Mayfair is still fresh every morning, and in Curzon Street a young duke is now raising a vast mansion to mock the faded glories of Chesterfield House.

There stands the noble hostess, nor shall sink
With the three thousandth curtsy; there the waltz,
The only dance which teaches girls to think,
Makes one in love even with its very faults.
Saloon, room, hall, o'erflow beyond their brink,
And long the latest of arrivals halts,
'Midst royal dukes and dames condemned to climb,
And gain an inch of staircase at a time.

The Ruling Passion.

Yesterday, while Dr. Lapponi and the valet Centra were out of the sick chamber, the valet heard a noise, and, upon returning to the room, found the Pope out of bed and in front of a book-case, with the poems of Horace in his hands. It has consequently been decided not to leave his Holiness alone for a moment.

No recorded incident in the long-drawn struggle for life at the Vatican that terminated on Monday has quite the human interest of this. A Pope is an isolated being, one whom we approach, if we approach him at all, through cordons of guards and officials. For the best part of a generation Leo XIII. surveyed the world from the enclosed area of his Palace, and the world had glimpses of him through encyclicals, and hints of him by the mouths of those who have knelt a moment for his blessing. But of the personality that has occupied that amazing eminence so long we know little. We had news of whispering Cardinals in the ante-room of the sick chamber, of the spiritual fortification of the dying Pontiff, of all the ceremonial preparations for the passage of an important soul from this world—

What are they buzzing in my ears
Now that I come to die?

And then we have the welcome human touch—and how glad we are that the doctor and the valet were out of reach and within earshot—the old man fumbling after his Horace. What was it that he wished to find? Was there any special thumb-mark in the well-worn volume that the trembling finger sought? The curious will remember the Pope's passion for the making of Latin verses. And a set of verses dictated by him during his illness has already been published. The first line is this:—

Fatalis ruit hora, Leo; jam tempus abire est.

Did some memory arise in the failing brain of a similar phrase in Horace, written of the guest who has drunk his fill of life and must depart:—

Lusisti satis, edisti satis, atque bibisti;
Tempus abire tibi est.

That were a curious meeting of two men who had trodden the self-same streets, a meeting where all born of woman must meet, though by diverging and converging roads. Little enough of play the Pope had, and of meat and drink little enough. But at the last—it is the little fat tribune, of the world, worldly, who sets the tune and gives the phrase.

What could there be in common between the aged Pope and the poet of his final choice—beyond a common love of making neat verses? No one, you would think, would turn to Horace for consolation in the hour of death. He was not, truth to say, a religious man. "Parcus deorum cultor et infrequens" he was little concerned with any world but the present, and his sudden conversion to a belief in Jove by hearing thunder in a clear sky is merely a joke. Charon and Rhadamanthus were about as real to him as Santa Claus is to us, and the Styx hardly as much as a geographical expression. Of quite humble origin—"libertino patre natus"—he took his place without embarrassment in the most distinguished circles of the most democratic Empire the world has yet seen. A man about town, his life was spent mainly between his Sabine farm and Rome, and a journey to Brundisium was an event to hang a whole satire upon. On the surface he was flippant enough, and achieved the supreme triumph of laughing at himself; for on the only occasion when he saw active service as a military tribune he threw away his shield and ran, and it is he himself who tells us about it with a frank smile. He sported, too, with Amaryllis, and never troubled to seek the shade. "Vixi puellis nuper idoneus" he begins gaily. Once and again the very

deftness of his verse touches one with a strange pathos. Who can ever forget the lines :—

Eheu! fugaces, Postume, Postume,
Labuntur anni,

with that masterly iteration of the proper name—and was there ever a name so proper to its place?—suggesting the subtle slipping away of youth. But Horace is flippant only on the surface. Underneath there is the purest commonsense, which is sometimes even commonplace, though he turns the tag so neatly that you may think it inspired truth. Walking the streets of Rome, reclining at the banquets of the great, talking to his steward in the country, giving advice to other writers of verse, looking at the life about him with kindly, humorous eyes, he is the most delightful embodiment of the man who has organised this transitory life on the most comfortable basis. He is the poet of commonsense, an inspired Tupper, and he contains as many quotations to the square foot as Shakespeare himself. That is the reason why he is of all poets the poet for the middle-aged; and no man ever really appreciates Horace until the "*albescens capillus*" warns him that the time for dreams is over and he must set his life in order. (That, perhaps, is the reason why no woman ever appreciates Horace.) And there is no more ridiculous spectacle than a class of schoolboys trying to get some meaning out of the simple apophthegms of Horace—so sadly simple to the man of fifty—and to the man of fourscore—to a Pope—is it the last word?

Nunc vino pellite curas,
Cras nigen iterabimus aequor.

A passage in which East and West, Horace and Omar Khayyam, seem to meet.

Or was it, perchance, some dim consciousness of a common ambition, some remembrance that the practical worldling and the ascetic Pontiff had the same ambition, the attainment of lyric fame? All men, having one thing, desire another; and Horace himself in a satire, asks Maecenas why no man is contented with his own profession and prays for a change. Did the Pope, at the end of life—one can hardly conceive such discontent unless one is middle-aged and able to appreciate Horace—did the Pope regret the splendour of his position, the greatness of his achievement, his unsullied life and a rule unequalled in beneficence, thinking that he might have made an undying name as a writer of Latin verses? Were these the lines he sought :—

Quod si me lyricis vatibus inseris,
Sublimi feriam sidera vertice

But the picture will remain. Without, are the Cardinals, whispering, intriguing, praying for the passing soul. Within, the dying Pope, primed with all credentials for the world to come, clambering out of bed at the last to find his Horace. Was there ever a more curious encounter, even in Rome, than this; when two great Romans waved hands across the centuries, across religions—across the Styx!

On the Sea and Sailors.

It keeps eternal whispering about us, singing in our ears like a tune, crying in our hearts like a lure, but no ear has caught the tune, and the lure has lured men too completely for them to strive to expound its magic. Watching it at night, when the tide is coming in with a long slow swirl, lapping among the rocks with a suck and gurgle, and the soft burst of bubbles, one catches, or seems to catch, that message ever whispering in the spun filaments of an eddy. There is the old

mystery, the immemorial sorrow of many waters. There is the old passionate heart forever grieving. The wash of it, and the scent of it, and the variant beauty of its strength a mystery and a passion for all time. You may study the great waters for a life-time, but they will remain inscrutable, as mysterious as God, as strong as Death, and as eternal as the stately pageant of the stars. The sea will teach much, but of itself nothing. It will hint at much while withholding all things. No one can sing of it, it is too full of beauty. No one can think of it over-long, for it is still brooded over by the Spirit of God, and its great secret heart is too full of His terror. It remains about us like a great shining and uncoiling snake, a menace, a delight, and a lure. It keeps its eternal whisper and laughs at the puny pageant of the ships that pass. It is a trackway of the wandering, the errant, and the unhappy. It is a home for nothing but the bones of drowned ships and men.

Something of its mystery lies upon its waif children, the sailors. For their lips have been sealed since the beginning or only opened for the brief utterance of lies. Men put out in ships from a longing they have for seeing the world beyond the sky-line, from a joy they have in going to a place, for gain, or to find an enemy, for any reason, almost, save a desire to know the sea. They fulfil their heart's longing and come home, but it is no longer a home, the lure lies upon them like a coil of magic on the heart and they go out on the quest again, not knowing what they seek, but as wanderers and vagabonds as little at peace as the gulls.

Of the men who have known the sea, who have looked into the water and seen inhuman beauty, who have spelled out the riddled runes upon the herring, there are but two whose words are of the spirit and not of the lips. These are Herman Melville, a man of great depth of vision, but with an expression uncertain in its beauty, a style tending in its inspiration towards incoherence, and Mr. Joseph Conrad, a man of lesser vision but with a beauty of craft like the delicate beauty of rare gems. To these names might be added that more glorious name of Coleridge, though Coleridge's vision was either too profound or too broken, and the mystery and terror of his rime either too earthly or too accidental. He heard the voice of many waters when he made his poem, but feverishly, like the buzzing in the ears during the exhibition of opium. To him the sea was incidental and subordinate. His poem has more the strangeness of fever than the strangeness of a perfect beauty.

Nearly all men have known the sailor, for the sailor, even the old sailor, is an elemental type and has grown but slightly in complexity since Homer saw him on his oar-bench, ploughing the wine-dark water to an old tune. Chaucer knew him, and saw in him a knavish alien with the vices of a strong man, with a merry heart and a foul tongue, and a body made comely by the sun and the salt air. Shakespeare knew him, and saw in him a boisterous irreverent brute with a sense of duty. Cervantes knew him and thought him a pleasant person with a somewhat low sense of humour. An old writer of the time of Queen Anne has painted him in the manner of Hogarth as "a rare Dog, whose thoughts reach not much above the top-mast Head," though the same dog's-eared pamphleteer continues that—

this poor composition of beef and oatmeal views all things, as Sheep do the Stars, or a Carthorse what passes in Cheap-side, without any after-thought or Reflexion.

And more recent writers, such as the excellent Marryat, the good Dana, the wise and scholarly Scott, have not found in him either sign of change or operation of improvement. He has had his poets to sing him, has poor Jack, but his taste in poetry is still that of the eighteenth century. He will recite Falconer, at odd times, often attributing the famous couplet about the "lee-yard arm"

to Shakespeare. He will still sing Dibdin, but only such poems as can be sung to the tunes of familiar hymns.

The only poet who has seen the sailor in the dingy intimacy of his fo'c's'le, and sung him in verse which is more clarion than doggerel, is Mr. E. J. Brady, an Australian, whose book of poems, "The Ways of Many Waters," was published in Sydney a few years ago. Mr. Brady writes in ballad-metres, much as Adam Gordon wrote, and Kingsley and Macaulay before him. He writes movingly and convincingly without putting an undue accent upon that "plea for escape," or submission to a certain idea which mars most modern English ballads, and without subordinating his talent to realistic effect. He has a certain manly frankness about certain masculine shortcomings, which one admires, because man is a frank creature naturally and not a whit the nicer for being hypocritical in print. He knows the vagabond and the steward, and the stovedore, and that pitiful hero the sailor-man. He knows them perfectly:—

May you never be a syler of the mercantile marine,
Or you'll always be a syler, an' you'll never 'ave a bean.

But it's round the world a-going'
With the ebbin' an' the flowin',
An' you needn't fear the bailiff, an' you needn't pay no
rent;
There's a month or two at sea,
Then a rattlin' roarin' spree
An' I dummo if I left it that I'd ever be content.

But the curious thing is that he knows the blue-jacket quite as well as his poor relation, and "The Passing of Parker," a long ballad of the death of a blue-jacket in a China Squadron battleship, is perhaps the best narratival ballad in dialect that we have. We like Mr. Brady less as a serious poet, because his assertion in that metier is mere violent rhetoric, and comes from a very windy tradition. Though he can be suggestive and moving in some of the images he uses, as in—

The penguin, standing lonely
'Neath weird, snow-darkened skies,

which conjures up a vision of the no-man's-land somewhere south of the Magellan Straits.

Someday, perhaps, when the golden age has returned, and all clipper-ships and liners are rusted nests for the tunnies somewhere beyond the reach of lead, the oarsmen of the world's galleys will have a poesy and a drama. They will have an elaborate ritual of beautiful songs. They will sing hymns to the sea when the riding lantern goes up at dusk. They will invest their affection for the elements with the attributes of deity, and they will act little plays about the under-water and the white goddesses that haunt the weeds there. Sailors have done this in historic times, and though with us they have acted rather differently it is only because we have looked upon the sea as a trackway and not as a great water brooded over by the Spirit of God.

JOHN MASEFIELD.

Paris Letter.

(From our French Correspondent.)

FOUR women have lately claimed and won attention in French letters as poets: the Countess of Noailles, of Greco-Roumanian origin; Mme. Henri de Régner, of Cuban origin; Mme. Mardrus, the wife of a distinguished Orientalist—I am not sure if she is of purer French origin than the two former; and Renée Vivien, an Englishwoman. There is yet another whose name has a fine cosmopolitan ring, Mme. G. de Montgomery. Two of these poets are

French only by marriage, but they have acquired a notable place in modern French literature, Mme. de Noailles and Mme. de Régner. Foreigners, one with Eastern blood in her veins, her exterior that of the irresponsible heroine of a Turkish tale; the other with that of an Iberian Créole in hers, and with something in her bearing as irresponsible and "inconsiente" as her sister-poet, these two women writers astound us by the absolute absence of morality in their work and their point of view, by the incredible and amazing animality of their conception of life, and their perfectly abnormal incapacity to appreciate or even realise any single one of the fine issues of experience, any of the ennobling elements of existence. Both are artists in the fullest sense of the word, as far as vision and expression go. It would be difficult to name a poet more exquisitely susceptible to every refinement of physical sensation, with a more charming sentiment for physical nature than Mme. de Noailles, but this is the beginning and end of something that almost touches in its limitations, genius. Look not for a single idea, a single thought, in her polished, original, and delightful verse. It is the superlatively good poetry of an expressive animal, who lives by sensation, smell, and glance. It is much to have put into what might have been merely a gross conception of existence something of the inexplicable majesty, charm, and mystery of nature as Mme. de Noailles has done, but when we read in cold blood a poem like "Eva" (I heard it recited by the poet before its publication, at my late friend's, M. Gaston Paris, and found it shocking that a young woman in a mixed assembly of men and women should expound such a nefarious philosophy), we realise the dastardliness of one protected by fortune and rank from all the pitiable consequences of frailty, belonging to the privileged few who can impose their follies and caprices on society and not suffer for their sins. "Eva," she cries, "be without pride, without prudence, without fear. Infinite and profound nature bends over those who suit themselves in pleasure." And this is the gist of all her poetry. The same may be said of Mme. de Régner. She, too, triumphs by a sincere lack of morality. It is by no means the immorality of a vicious person, but that of a charming and brilliant animal who cannot conceive that there should be consciousness of wrong in sexual relations. The suffering of thwarted desire, of satiety, of having taken the wrong person for lover or mistress, these are the psychological limits of illegal love. The difference between these poets is that whereas Mme. de Noaille's novel "La Nouvelle Espérance" is utterly bad, the prose scarcely readable, pretentious, twisted, quite un-French, the characterisation feeble to the degree of inanity, the immorality exasperating in its stupid unaccountableness, Mme. de Régner's novel "L'Inconsiente" is admirably artistic, finished, original and aimable even in its tristeful unconsciousness of evil. Mme. de Régner is an artist in prose, Mme. de Noaille is only an artist in verse. When "L'Inconsiente" was running through the "Revue de Paris," an eminent Frenchwoman said to me that she was ashamed a woman had written such a book. I cannot share this view. A woman has as much right to write an immoral book as a man, and when we read her book our only consideration should be its value or its worthlessness. Independent of her sex, Mme. de Régner's book is shameless and detestable, but it is charmingly done. And so, turning to Renée Vivien's poetry, I come back to the problem of the hour—why these cosmopolitans, who write excellent and sometimes even exquisite French, should prove themselves creatures without soul or sense of morality or decency. For Renée Vivien, the Englishwoman, goes one better than her Oriental and Créole sister. At a lecture given here by M. Ernest Charles on her poetry, many women hissed and some left the hall in indignation. A friend of mine who was present, a French mother of a family, told me she had not conceived it

possible that any one would dare to write such things in our day. Alas! in France there is no censure, and Renée Vivien, with her strange tastes, was wise to choose the French tongue. She manages it admirably, so much must be admitted. Her goddess is Sappho whom, as the "Débats" ironically noted, she familiarly calls Psappha, and possibly deems herself in advance of the rest of humanity.

I am one of those impervious to the claims of Sappho. I hear of the marvellous things she has written, and see among the fragments, perhaps, a single line, "I loved thee, Atthis, long ago"; or, "Thou forgettest me"; or, "Unless thou lovest another more than me"; or, "Atthis, thou dost detest the thought of me, and thou fliest towards Andromeda"; or, "For Andromeda she has a splendid reward"; or, "Behold now what I sang so well in order to please my mistresses"; or, "Those to whom I have done well are those who outrage me"—and I find that on these simple, insignificant lines an incredible legend is built. Some of the fragments even consist in such cries as: "O beautiful, O gracious one"; "You are nothing for me"; "My care"; "I regret and I seek"; "Sleep on the bosom of thy tender mistress"; "Towards you, lovely one, my thought is not changeable." Renée Vivien interpolates her French interpretation of these lofty and luminous lines with the impassioned renderings of Mr. Swinburne. The French renderings are in form impeccable. There is a sobriety, a classic chiselling of expression in the verse of Renée Vivien which are remarkable. One regrets the subject, and feels that a woman's talent in our days might be more worthily employed than in incensing the memory of Sappho. The legend is a hideous one, and had best be left a literary curiosity without prompting such lines as—

Douceur de mes chants, allons vers Mytilène.

Voici que mon âme a repris son essor

Nocturne et craintive ainsi qu'une phalène

Aux prunelles d'or.

Allons vers l'accueil des vierges adorées:

Nos yeux connaîtront les larmes des retours. . . .

L'ombre de Psappha, tissant les violettes

Et portant au front de fébriles pâleurs,

Sourira là—bas de ses lèvres muettes.

Lasses de douleurs.

Renée Vivien belongs to the school of Pierre Louys. It is a lamentable school, and its consequences for us in modern life are odious. It is absurd to say that "artists," as certain writers dub themselves with silly pride, are irresponsible, and should be allowed to write as such. In the recent scandal of the Black Masses we have seen that the disequillibrate criminal, the wealthy young baron who organised them, had a satanic volume of Huysman's on his table when arrested. Who can say what part that book played in the sorry creature's degradation and ruin? And may not poetry like Renée Vivien's accomplish moral catastrophe elsewhere?

H. L.

Impressions.

The Fenders.

I OFTEN listened to her stories. That past which had furrowed her, sharpened the corners of her forehead, darkened with foreboding the hollows under her light eyebrows, dispensed importunate trivialities at meals. Well she knew what had despoiled and enfeebled her, but the tragic scripture of her face was at most times the only witness to it. I was much younger than she, and with the newest paper crackling in my hands, was capable of announcing my recollection of some circumstantial narrative which I had heard more than once. But generally

her voice would flow unhindered, blameless in its utterance of minute veracity, pathetic in its diplomatic seizure of any current topic which might serve as a turncock to the past. I see her still, gazing unconsciously across the table into the mossy garden where a pedestal, on which had stood an ancestral bust, exhibited in all weathers a clinging jenny; and again I lay down the organ of liberal Laodicea and listen to the anecdote of Mrs. Taylor's fenders.

"It was a beautiful house," she said, "and as you know they were wealthy people and could afford to keep servants especially to look after their brasswork, if they liked. But I noticed, as was natural seeing our brass fender in the drawing-room at Manresa Road, which took incessant polishing to keep bright (you remember that Fanny often devoted a whole afternoon to it when she was at home)—I noticed, I say, that Mrs. Taylor's fenders were marble and could be perfectly cleaned by merely going over them with a flannel and warm water. In the course of conversation I mentioned the fenders, and Mrs. Taylor said, "Yes, it is a matter of principle with me. I saw how much trouble was given by the brass and steel kinds if they were to be kept bright, and I said to myself, 'It is not right to set one's fellow creatures, even if they are servants, to do such profitless work as polish fenders,' and so I have always had marble ones."

"You should polish up that anecdote," I said on the last occasion when I heard it, and make the lady say, "and so I have always had gold ones."

If there was humour in what I said its ray did not reach the face that looked at me, and I knew enough of human souls to know why.

But I was immoderately pleased with the effect of the gold fenders in an otherwise meticulously accurate story, and once, in her presence, I said to a friend, "Have you heard Mrs. Everard's anecdote of the gold fenders?" and told it. I repeat I knew enough of human souls to have refrained.

Now when I can hear nothing more from her lips, my creative eyes remould her in the dusk, an image made for remorse so gentle as to be well-nigh sweet. My look descends from the vexed silence of her face to the knotty hands that often forgot their infirmity in such music of Beethoven as only a spirit distressed by its own insight can fully understand. And I know that I pricked my soul with the pin of wit which I threw at her, because I pricked her soul awake to the suspicion that, unaware of discovery, I had detected a symptom of old age in the very talk by which she sought distraction from the knowledge of its approach.

Drama.

Joyzelle,

A CRITICAL principle—passing swiftly, one hopes, to the already overcrowded limbo of bad aesthetic theories—holds it the prime fault in a work of imagination to attempt the exposition of a philosophical or ethical thesis. No doubt, every artistic method has its characteristic dangers, and the function of the artist can never be precisely that of the pulpit. But, whatever the half or quarter truth which it conveys, the doctrine is in the main false, and one that boxes up the human faculties into impossible water-tight compartments, and lays an uncalled-for limitation upon the claim of the imagination to occupy itself with every manifestation and interest of life. In any case it fails to square with the actual practice of the greatest artists, one after another of whom has found the fundamental brain-work for a consummate achievement precisely in the statement of a thesis, and has used his art as a

vehicle to express the profoundest truths he can conceive about the most serious spiritual issues. This has always been so with M. Maeterlinck, whose shadowy dramas, no less than his deliberate essays, are at heart the direct utterances of a speculative intellect, brooding over the problems of life and death. It is true that much of the charm of these dramas lies in what they do not, rather than in what they do tell us, in their mystery, their suggestiveness, their hints and whispers of an unrealised something beyond. But they are none the less, for this want of system and definition, a complete expression of the writer's thought, which itself wanders in shadows, contenting itself with the modest apprehension of partial and uncertain truths, and confessing at every turn the, as yet, unpenetrated mysteries in which nine-tenths of the universe is shrouded. They are the drama of a patient and hopeful agnosticism. Nor need one wonder that a metaphysic, in which so many unreconciled elements are, as it were, held in solution, should find its imaginative expression in the form of drama, of which conflict and contrast belong to the essence.

"Joyzelle," it must be admitted, at least suggests one of the pitfalls to which philosophic art is exposed. The vitality of the heroine alone saves it from becoming a somewhat inhuman allegory of *Sagesse* and *Amour*, in the manner of the "*Roman de la Rose*." The setting marks a reaction from the unfamiliar externality of "*Monna Vanna*," with its towers rocked by bells, its noisy citizens, and the evident clash of arms. We are back in the well-known Maeterlinckian realm, in an almost uninhabited island among the foam, in a barred garden, a palace of incalculable corridors. The piece is, indeed, a re-reading from Maeterlinck's own point of view, of the theme of "*The Tempest*." Instead of Prospero, the confident Providence of a comfortable optimism, shaping everything to a predetermined end, with his infallible bag of tricks and his positive Ariel, there is Merlin, the typical Maeterlinckian sage, whose Arielle is but the impersonation of that power of spiritual progress which is latent in every man, if he will use it; whose wisdom is only to see a little way further into the darkness than his fellows; and whose magic is not to control destiny, but merely so to arrange events that the workings of destiny may be the sooner and the more clearly manifest. Merlin has brought to the island his son Lanceor, to whom he does not reveal himself, and the virgin Joyzelle. He knows that the well-being of Lanceor depends on the destined woman, at this exact moment of his life, crossing his path; but he does not know clearly whether Joyzelle is the destined woman or not, and the action of the play mainly consists of a series of tests to which, by the art of the sage, Joyzelle is exposed, in order to try the temper of her soul and the quality of her love. But first there comes a scene, full of the passionate and vernal beauty of "*Pelléas et Mélisande*," in which the boy and girl meet in the deserted garden, and love is revealed, and suddenly the wilted flowers burst into fresh bloom, and the silent place is filled with the song of birds and the murmur of fountains. Joyzelle passes triumphantly through all her ordeals, including the last and most critical, which tried her preparedness to commit even crime itself in the cause of love. Merlin conceals his real character and poses as an evil sorcerer. In the garden, Lanceor is bitten by a serpent. Health and youth pass from him. Merlin offers to work a cure by his magical art on one condition. Joyzelle must come by night to his bed and give herself to him. She promises, Lanceor is restored, and at the appointed hour Joyzelle enters Merlin's chamber, as Judith entered the chamber of Holophernes, bearing a dagger with which to slay the tyrant. And so the test is over. Joyzelle has approved herself the woman chosen by destiny, the intended bride for Lanceor. Then comes a characteristic example of M. Maeterlinck's humble and loyal way of thinking about life. Joyzelle asks whether

it is then the law that true love must always be ready to win to its goal, even, if need be, by crime. And Merlin rebukes her. It is not so. What is true in a single case is not necessarily true always. It is not right to gather up the flotsam and jetsam of truth and convert it into an universal law. And in fact the action of the play is designed so as to exhibit the self-sacrifice of love as well as love's antinomianism. Merlin himself might have found in Joyzelle the salvation and prolongation of his existence. He can see, though dimly, into his own destiny as well as into that of his son, and can foretell the hawthorn forest of Brocéliande and the fatal Viviane. From that doom Joyzelle alone could have power to save him. But he makes his renunciation in silence, leaves Lanceor and Joyzelle to their happiness, and prepares to pass with "*la pauvre Arielle*," who is but the projection of his own soul and whose existence must therefore perish with his, upon the predetermined way.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

Art.

The Two Whistlers.

THERE were two Whistlers—the painter of the "*Carlyle*" and the "*Mother*," and the writer. And as the artist-Whistler can be subdivided into the producer of the etchings, the nocturnes, and the symphonies, so the writer-Whistler contains the clear-seeing author of the "*Ten O'Clock*," and the inditer of the witty letters, and ready paragraphs, that amused London in the late seventies and eighties, often, by their over-elaboration of thrust, winning sympathy for the victim. No man was so sure of himself, no man of the period took such glee in smiting, no man was so apt and ready; few were so unforgiving, and although he was generally right, few had his power, or perhaps the will to score a point by fluttering from the main issue, and fixing on some subsidiary point. In the encounter of wits with Tom Taylor (what ages ago it seems) of course Whistler scored; but although we laugh as heartily as ever over the correspondence—"dead for a ducat, dead! my dear Tom: and the rattle has reached me by post"—it's plain that Tom Taylor was unfairly treated. He was a brave man who broke a lance with Whistler. Those who remember the frays smile: some must have smiled when they read the obituary notices on Whistler this week, and wondered a little at the changes time has wrought in the attitude of Whistler's critics, grown elderly and enthusiastic. We are all advanced now. The battle of the new art has been fought and won. The International Society of Painters and Engravers is no longer an ailing infant, and Whistler is acclaimed for the great master he was.

Probably no man of our time was so incontestably the artist. Persistently he expressed beauty as seen through his own temperament, selected and arranged, and that beauty he found anywhere and everywhere. He never spared himself, either in his work, or in fighting those who were opposed to his vision and method. He expressed in a few etched lines, or in a wonder of dim paint, sights that other men would have thought not paintable, or too difficult to essay. He was a silent pathbreaker who chose his own way, and the way was strange and untrodden. Ruskin did not understand the elusive charm of that nocturne in black and gold. "I have seen, and heard, much of cockney impudence before now, but never expected to hear a coxcomb ask two hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face!" Well, none of us are infallible, and Ruskin paid dearly, although the damages were but a farthing, for that moment of indignation against what he had not the temperament, and certainly, not at that time, the will, to understand.

Whistler's comment on the trial, called "Art and Art Critics," was a fighting paper, the case for the brush against the pen. Said Whistler: "Still, quite alone stands Ruskin, whose writing is art, and whose art is unworthy his writing." And—"Let him resign his present professorship, to fill the chair of Ethics at the university. As master of English literature he has a right to his laurels, while as the populariser of pictures he remains the Peter Parley of painting." These two great men, whose temperaments were far apart as the poles, would not, could not, understand one another.

Stripped of the ephemera that made up his reputation as chief of the light-horse Ishmaels of the day, the sincere artist undistracted by the nimble brain of the writer, was Whistler when he was painting one of his great portraits. What intensity of purpose, what sureness of vision, what knowledge of the few essentials that go to the presentment of an old woman, or an old man, mark his portraits of Carlyle and his Mother. The wall against which Carlyle sits, the unobtrusive pictures, the figure of the sage, the simplicity of the composition, so low in tone, so entirely suitable to the subject, compose into one of those pictures whose rightness strikes one anew each time it is seen. And the companion picture, the "Mother," to see which you must travel from Glasgow to Paris, makes the same kind of appeal. It is grave, quiet, lasting, never new, never old, a portrait for all time like Velasquez's "Admiral" or Moroni's "Tailor." In these portraits Whistler as a painter reached greatness. The abundant vitality of his temperament spent itself in a hundred channels, but now and then, at the right moment, it gathered itself together, and completely expressed itself. Also in that exquisite "Piano" picture, and in the portrait of "Miss Alexander," the child with the left foot advanced, and the air of finality about the pose. You see no hint of labour in his portraits. There is no effort to be original, no sign of personal bravado, no wanton indulgence in colour. The paint is thin, the colour unobtrusive, and I do not think he ever changed his method. Portraits, nocturnes, symphonies, he always seemed to know just what to do, what to reject, what to emphasise, and those who visited the Goupil Gallery exhibition of his works some years ago came away with the conviction that here was a man who, delighting in experiments, was so inherently the artist, that his experiments became achievements.

There are those who consider Whistler occupies a higher place as an etcher than as a painter. He produced nearly three hundred plates, tiny plates, most of them not larger than ten inches by six, often just a few lines, but giving all that was necessary to realise the scene. How often have I gone to a certain gallery where, periodically, exhibitions of modern etchings are held, passed round the walls without being particularly moved or elated, and on my departure have caught sight, in the vestibule, of an etching that evoked instantly the thrill that is so rare, and so undeniable, when it does come. How often, looking closer, have I seen the quaint butterfly signature. Before me, as I write, is a copy of his lithograph of the Luxembourg Gardens (it cost a penny); no one with any sort of an eye for essential beauty could help being impressed by the distinction of this little piece—the sense of atmosphere, the placing of the figures, suggested rather than drawn. Yes, Whistler was a great artist.

And Whistler the man, the writer. You have him in the sparkling pages of "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies," with its letters of the minute—cruel and witty—and that able setting forth of the Art for Art point of view, the "Ten O'Clock." "Nature contains the elements, in colour and form, of all pictures, as the keyboard contains the notes of all music. But the artist is born to pick and choose. . . ." "To say to the painter that Nature is to be taken as she is, is to say to the player that he may sit on the piano." How he enjoyed delivering

that lecture! How he enjoyed those bouts of wit! How he crowed over his "scalps"! Here is a man, says Mr. George Moore, who "though he had spent the afternoon painting like the greatest, would spend his evenings in frantic disputes over dinner-tables about the ultimate ownership of a mild joke."

But before the beauty of the world, alone with nature, his perfect artistic taste working without haste and without rest, Whistler the flaneur, the epigrammatist, the scalp hunter, sprightly and spiteful, was swept away, and what was left was Whistler the consummate artist responsive to the chords of beauty, the intermediary who wrought the Venetian etchings, and the portraits of Carlyle and his Mother.
C. L. H.

Science.

The Cycle of Life.

HERE, in the New Forest, surrounded by oak and beech and birch; one "ethereal minstrel" singing, yet scarcely breaking the eloquent silence; the green in its glory everywhere, unbesmirched by the carbon from man's imperfect combustion of the coal—the "entombed tree"—which ranks ancestral to the denizens of the New Forest of to-day; what more fitting to discuss than the cosmic function of the green leaf?

At my feet is the *Drosera*, or sun-dew, the only carnivorous plant, if I mistake not, found in these islands. It reminds me of Arran, where first I saw its tiny red stalks crowned with viscid hairs, ever moist, waiting for their insect prey. This sun-dew is the insignificant exception to all around me. It obtains its food as an animal does, by the taking of life; its life at the cost of another's death. Far otherwise is it with all the placid stately life around me, seeming-silent in the majesty of its unending process. From no fellow creature's life-blood do these green leaves suck their food, but from the insentient air and the sun in his strength.

The atmosphere contains a small but all-important and ever-increasing quantity of carbonic acid (CO_2), derived from the oxidation—the combustion, that is—of carbon in the process of respiration, which is common and essential to every living thing, animal or plant; and also from the oxidation of dead organic matter elsewhere. So crowded is the earth with animal life and with the dead debris of vegetable life that the oxygen of the air is being slowly used up and replaced by carbonic acid; so that the scientific imagination has pictured the "Last Man" of the poet as gasping for air—for the last few remaining molecules of oxygen—on the peak of Everest, whilst all his fellow beings, animal and vegetable, lie drowned in the rising sea of carbonic acid below. Every blade of grass in the world postpones, in its measure, the advent of a consummation so drear. That was a wise Frenchman who made the saying about two blades of grass "where one grew before." For the green plant obtains its food, or at least the carbon of its food, from that very carbonic acid; retaining the atom of carbon but giving back to the thus regenerated air the two atoms of oxygen. This is accomplished by those cells of the plant which contain the green matter called chlorophyll. Iron, we may remark, is an indispensable constituent of chlorophyll, and therefore, of all life whatever on this planet. Similarly iron is an indispensable constituent of the haemoglobin, or red colouring matter of the blood of animals; but were there no chlorophyll in the leaf there would be no animal, since the animal world depends for its food in the last issue upon the plant. The protoplasm of the plant cell, mysteriously aided by the chlorophyll, can thus decompose carbonic acid only in the presence of sunlight or rather

of those ethereal waves, invisible to our eyes, that lie beyond the violet end of the solar spectrum. In these actinic, "chemical," "photographic" or ultra-violet rays—one might indeed, in virtue of their high function, venture to call them *biogenic*—and in their source, the Sun, do we find an essential condition of all earthly life whatever. A great theoretical truth, you will agree with me. It affects practice in a thousand ways. Here is a small one. Flowers and plants are beneficial as well as beautiful in a room in daylight. They purify the air by this unique power I have described. But at night they are powerless. Day and night of course they breathe, taking in oxygen, giving out carbonic acid, and thus tending to vitiate the air. Under the influence of sunlight this familiar process is more than neutralized, so far as you are concerned, by the converse process, but at night the plant continues to breathe and consume the air, whereas its salutary function ceased at sundown. Therefore remove all plants and flowers from a bedroom at night. The simultaneous performance of two exactly opposite functions in the daytime is perhaps rather confusing. At any rate your case and mine is simple enough. Day and night we simply add to the carbonic acid in the air, nor can we regain the valuable carbon squandered thereto except through the mediation of the plant.

Let us trace a little further the history of the carbon thus obtained by the plant. If it simply remained as uncombined carbon it would be of no use to the vital processes of the plant, nor would it be of any use to us. If you eat a charcoal biscuit you embody—may I say?—the invaluable element, but you cannot utilize it. You might as well swallow the Koh-i-Noor, that celebrated bit of carbon. Nor do the naughty children, who amuse themselves and discipline their parents by eating coal, derive any benefit therefrom. Observe, then, that the animal can neither detach the carbon from carbonic acid, nor, if the carbon be given to it ready made, can the animal utilise it. The plant can do both. And the measure of the heat given out by a fire is the measure of the tremendous energy displayed by the plant protoplasm in effecting this decomposition. Has not Goethe told us how carbon and oxygen love one another, how passionately they fly, lover like, into each other's arms? The union is extremely firm, as is testified by the quantity of heat evolved by a fire during the process of combination, and by the chemist's great difficulty when he seeks artificially to undo it. Yet every green leaf around me is quietly exercising this power.

To trace the history of the carbon we must ascertain whence the plant gets its water. It has begun to rain; every leaf is dripping wet, yet not one is absorbing a single molecule of water. It is the function of the leaf, as of our skins, to give off water, not to take it in; a process known as transpiration—hence the French word for perspiration. The plant sweats by its leaves, thereby keeping itself cool just as we do, but it drinks only by its roots. The water thus absorbed passes up the stem against gravitation by a remarkable mechanism which I have no space to describe, to the leaf where the carbon awaits it. The leaf is the laboratory of the plant, and indirectly, indeed, of the animal. Its protoplasm combines carbon and the water so as to form the carbohydrates, starch and sugar. Now the formula of a typical sugar, such as glucose, is $C_6H_{12}O_6$. This molecule may obviously be supposed to be made up of six molecules, each having the formula CH_2O . Now CH_2O represents the simplest possible combination of a molecule of H_2O from the root with an atom of C in the leaf obtained from the CO_2 of the air. Now there happens to be a substance having the formula CH_2O . It is known as formalin or formic aldehyde, or formaldehyde, an excellent antiseptic. It is therefore very reasonably supposed by botanists that formaldehyde, made in the leaf, is the antecedent of the sugar of the grape and the starch of the potato, since by

packing six formalin molecules together, in some particular way which organic chemistry has not yet disclosed to us, you get the exact formula of glucose or grape sugar. Well, of course, the Irishman eats the potato, and turns it into muscle and enthusiasm and wit; or, in general terms, the animal world, including ourselves, lives upon the plant or upon animals, such as the sheep, which have lived upon the plant. We have therefore traced energy in its transformation from sunlight into thought, where we must leave it, for who can follow thereafter its eternal course? But we have also traced carbon from the carbonic acid of the air to its complex combinations in the muscle and brain of the animal. In them it is oxidized, exhaled by the lungs as carbonic acid once more, and given to the air—from which the plant obtained it. This, then, is the carbon cycle. The element is composed, decomposed, and recomposed, by living matter, thus helping to cover the dead earth with life. Many other elements are, of course, involved, such as oxygen and also iron, which is essential both to the chlorophyll, and to the haemoglobin, the vehicle by which the blood conveys the atmospheric oxygen from the lungs to the carbon of the tissues. Phosphorus, sulphur, and nitrogen are similarly taken up by the plant (though in their case by the root and not the leaf), and are synthesized into complex forms in which they are available as food for the animal. Lastly the animal dies and returns to the dust. There his body is resolved by microbic agency into simple sulphates, phosphates, and nitrates, which we call manure, and in which form they are again taken up by the plant. So said Tennyson:—

And from his ashes may be made
The violet of his native land.

As we dwell, we living things, in this our isle of terror, each of us is inalienably bound to all the rest. So you may be selfish for a century, but, at the last, others will claim your dust. For altruism is the law of nature.

C. W. SALEEBY.

Correspondence.

A Henley Bibliography.

SIR,—I can add, I think, two items to "Bookworm's" proposed Henley bibliography. The first is a rollicking *jeu d'esprit*, "Pictures at Play," illustrated by Harry Furniss, and published by Longmans in 1888, which the British Museum Catalogue conjecturally assigns to the joint authorship of Mr. Henley and Mr. Andrew Lang. The second is a group of poems on tobacco, which appeared in my anthology "Lyra Nicotiana" (Canterbury Poets Series) in 1898. I had written to Mr. Henley, asking his permission to take the rondeau "If I were king" from "A Book of Verses," and in his genial reply he not only gave the desired sanction, but suggested that I should look for some more tobacco verses of his, unsigned, in the defunct "London." My search through its pages was rewarded by the find of half a dozen exquisitely wrought little poems, which, when they had had their author's revision, were included in my collection. I may perhaps be permitted to quote one of them, as a taste of the lighter qualities of a master whom to know was to honour and to love.

INTER SODALES.

Over a pipe the Angel of Conversation
Loosens with glee the tassels of his purse,
And, in a fine spiritual exaltation,
Hastens, a very spendthrift, to disburse
The coins new minted of imagination.

An amiable, a delicate animation
Informs our thought, and earnest we rehearse
The sweet old farce of mutual admiration
Over a pipe.

Heard in this hour's delicious divagation,
How soft the song! the epigram how terse!
With what a genius for administration
We re-arrange the rambling universe,
And map the course of man's regeneration,
Over a pipe!

—Yours, &c.,—

WILLIAM G. HUTCHISON.

Incorrect Translation.

SIR,—Under the heading "Incorrect Translation" there appears in the ACADEMY for 18 July a "correction" which calls for comment.

In the first place, it is surely obvious that the supplementary French words in brackets were given just because a paraphrase and not a metaphrase preceded them: in the next, the French author quoted not only meant her words in the sense which I rendered (as later used by her again in the same sense, and if possible more unmistakably), but italicised *aux touches de nacre* to emphasise the extraordinarily delicate touch of Liszt as a pianist.—Yours, &c.,

THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE ON "LITERARY GEOGRAPHY"
IN THE "PALL MALL MAGAZINE."

Tennyson's Suppressed Poems.

SIR,—The editor of the "Avon Booklet" will find some suppressed lines of Tennyson's in "The Tribute" of 1837. These were reprinted some three years ago, in the Spiritualist paper "Light," if I remember correctly; and were included in an article by the present writer in "Great Thoughts," September 6, 1902.—Yours, &c.,

W. BAILEY-KEMPLING.

22, Penshurst Road,
Thornton Heath, Surrey.

A Protest.

SIR,—In his interesting article, "Prose Style Once More," your contributor is led, apropos of what he considers the false antithesis between manner and matter, to compare the personal and moral qualities of Cardinal Newman and Darwin. "These works of Newman," he says, "... express, I am sure, a soul more subtle, sweet, delicate, more truly wholesome, more generally developed." He can hardly be aware how well his adjectives describe Mr. Darwin, assuredly one of the sweetest and most delicate souls that ever lived. Surely one may admit that the "Origin" is couched in very indifferent English, or may be as encomiastic as he pleases of the virtues of the great Cardinal, without entering into comparisons so needless and so unjust. May I quote Tyndall on Darwin: "a philosopher whose character, including gentleness and strength, candour and simplicity, intellectual power and moral elevation," &c. Reviled as few scientists have been, Darwin reviled not again. Neither in his wonderful letters nor elsewhere has he left us one uncharitable line about Owen, or any of his theological opponents. So "generally developed" was he as to combine with his philosophic calm, and with his "all-sided" knowledge, in Fichte's phrase, the attributes of a loving husband and tender father. Nor has anyone hitherto been found to assert that any soul could be "more truly wholesome."—Yours, &c.,

M. B.

A Poser for Science.

SIR,—We are told by those who laud science and her accomplishments, that there are no unrelated or isolated phenomena in the Universe; that causation is universal; that there is an explanation for everything; and that throughout the Universe there is no departure from law. Law, forsooth! I beg to offer an exception to one and all of these elegant generalisations.

I have just returned from Covent Garden, where a large, be-diamonded and enthusiastic audience has been listening to "Don Giovanni," the operatic masterpiece of the greatest master of melody that ever lived. The opera was written one hundred and sixteen years ago. It is as new to-night as its overture was on its first hearing: Mozart had only started to write it the night before! To its composer, already stricken with consumption, the opera brought a post of £80 a year. It has delighted countless thousands since, as has its fellow, "The Marriage of Figaro," written two years before. To-night has heard the first representation of Mozart at Covent Garden this season, and he is not to be heard again, but for a single repetition of "Don Giovanni." Times without number has trash been repeated for the sake of this or that prima donna, but these two operas each contain three important feminine parts. Perhaps that may explain something. We have had Donizetti and Rossini, Verdi *ad nauseam*—Rigoletto once a week or so for Madame Melba's childish and superbly controlled voice—Gounod's two operas till their sticky melodies have stuck together, and now Mozart—just for a change.

It may easily be shown that here at last is a phenomenon which admits of no explanation, and leaves the most temerarious hypothetiser dumb. Let us examine the poverty of proffered suppositions. Trying to keep down expense? Not at all; new scenery was painted for to-night. Mozart not wanted? The public was delighted to-night. Mozart not wanted by the subscribers? The boxes were filled and happy. Wagner destroyed the taste for Mozart? By no means; the many whose idea of praise here is defamation there, and who curse Whistler because they love Sargent, or vice versa, have not head or ear enough for Wagner. Thank heaven it is possible to love "Voi che Sapete," and also the fire music in the "Valkyrie." No singers available? Never was music so grateful to the singer as Mozart's. His rare ear, and companionship with a wife who was a great vocalist, his mastery of rhythm, his simplicity and his sense of humour—unparalleled amongst composers—constitute him the first of all writers for the voice. I do not forget Schubert, dying in his Viennese garret at almost the same early age, and of the same disease, whilst Diabelli, his publisher, gave him ten pence a piece for songs like the "Serenade" and "Ueber allen Gipfeln ist Ruh"; but every vocalist knows that even he offers no such plentiful guerdon as Mozart. What other explanations are there? Age? It is true that no other eighteenth century opera has been performed this season, but we have had works, instead, full of still-born phrases that were decrepit at their very inception. Many a new-born babe is older than a hale nonagenarian. Interfere with the conversation in the boxes? Not that, for you always know what Mozart is going to do and can calculate upon him. He is as inevitable and as beautiful as the dawn. With Wagner that objection might apply, and the fair aristocrat who begins a sentence in an orchestral climax may break the succeeding silence with the stentorian assertion that "the Duke likes his done in oil." Yet we have had three cycles of the wonderful "Ring" this season. Public tired of Mozart? Not so; for last season heard no more of him than this. His libretti puerile and inane? So they are, but how many English opera-goers are judges of Italian verse, and who cares a straw for the words that accompany such exquisite cadences as Mozart's?

Who goes to "Henry V." to hear the incidental music, or could be otherwise than relieved to hear that "by special request the incidental music will not be performed"? Nor, if it is performed, does it hurt the play; nor does the miserable rubbish on which Mozart conferred immortality detract one iota from the beauty with which he adorned it. There are other explanations so-called; they are as easily refuted as these. We have here an instance of that caprice which science declares to be alien to natural phenomena. We have a fact which, except a fatuous coffee-machine of my acquaintance, is the only thing in the universe not subject to law or susceptible of explanation; unless, indeed, the management had not heard of Mozart before this week?—Yours, &c.,

EDINENSIS.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 200 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best account of "My Ideal Holiday." We award the prize to Mr. Henry Major, 21, Trelawn Road, Leyton, for the following:—

You have a balance to regain, two weeks in which to find yourself. Make no compromise with worries and correspondents—cut the painter. You wish to hear from yourself for once. You have to make your own acquaintance—you go to see a friend. The back of your hand to the city—you think that of it. It may do its worst. Don't be followed—double on your tracks. You wish for equable hours unbroken by bulletins—to keep the morning dew with you throughout the day, with nights on which your own sun rises. Find an island. I remember a midnight train at Waterloo, a confusion of noise and lights, a glide that left the uproar behind, a night ride, half asleep by silent stations in an eerie land, and full consciousness when Brauton lighthouse showed in daylight on the lonely dunes of the Torridge mouth. A new world by magic. Later, a little skiff with a wet deck and rigging stiff in a persistent wind, dwarfed on the grey mobile bulk of deliberate seas, free under the high and wide lights of the bay. Then a shape that grew definite, became tawny cliffs with chasms full of night, toppling fields above, and a shore sonorous with the monotone of ocean. Lundy. Rest and seclusion at last, the world beyond the postage-stamp. Day beds on the heath of a high platform of moors with the blue fathoms at its base. To see the earth ball bend all round. Nature frank with unconscious free movement, and surprising with rude posture, innocent and stern; shaming our rags of thought, reducing us to the primal breast again. At home at last, after two thousand years.

Other replies follow:—

I know of no more delightful summer's holiday in this world than to tramp alone and free over a country new to me, rich in the sweet surprises of green glens or of open moorland stretches. I care not greatly whether I foot it over the heather or through deep pasture grass, whether my road be a Devon lane, sunk and shady, or a wide and level Roman Way, whether it lead by great and populous cities, or by country villages and lonely farmsteads. All are delightful in their turn, everything calls you onward, the world stretches wide before you, and the wind sings you the Song of the Road. Believe me, the sweetest meals are those eaten in the air and sunshine beside running water, after a three hours' tramp; the sweetest rest is that taken at the day's end in a latticed inn-parlour, your muscles deliciously relaxed, your fancy yet marching along the white road. But for choice, I love a Scottish Drove Road for these holiday tramps, running green through the heather, with the blue sky above and the wide hills around me. Here you may walk a long summer's day, and see only the quiet moorland, hear only the curlew's cry, unless, perchance, you may pass greeting with some plaided shepherd, or chance at evening upon some gipsy fire beneath the stars.

[M. C. M., Aberystwyth.]

To one whose daily round is uncontrollably confined, a thing of mean streets and twisted vision, a walking journey to any far but friendly place or any unvisited quiet brings back the breath of old life fragrant and renewing. It may fall when the roads are flaming white and padded with dust; you to mountains in the North, you to Southern Seas, you to Tuscany or the isles of Spain: give me the byway with its old familiar things and its new familiar things, stacks, gates, ditches, hedges, fields of sheep and cattle fields, barns and garner, the downs, the valleys, streams and farms; there are

high hearts in heaven under heaven, and for the day no cloud shall blot my piece of sky. The flowers stand in fold on fold of sunlight and the wind wanders over with the delicate feet of a dream; poppy and pimpernel, yarrow and the tufted melilot—one can lie amongst them eating his meal with Ariel. From far the demesne rises and falls of parks and manor lands with aspects of quiet indolent pride, fields of barley like banners waving, and ancient churches that enclose as with pious hands their privilege of peace. These things renew in my heart the primal beauty; they shall be my guerdon for dim hours, a fairy reckoning for the old quick changing innocence and the latter hurly-burly that only dies down into the twilight after the chipping birds.

[A. E. C., Brighton.]

Competition No. 201 (New Series).

This week we offer a prize of One Guinea for the best Dedication in verse to an unpublished volume of Poems, the writer of the dedication to assume that he is the author of the volume. Not to exceed sixteen lines.

RULES.

Answers addressed, "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, 29 July, 1903. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

New Books Received.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

- Wernle (Paul), *The Beginnings of Christianity* (Theological Translation Library).....(Williams and Norgate) 3/6
 Scottish Church Society. *The Pentecostal Gift*.....(Maclehose) net 2/6
 The City of Peace.....(Scally) 2/6
 Abbott (Edwin A.), *From Letter to Spirit*.....(Black) net 20/0
 Soltan (Wilhelm), Translated by Maurice A. Canney: *The Birth of Jesus Christ*.....(Black) net 1/6
 Lobstein (Paul), Translated by Leuilette (Victor), and Edited by W. D. Morrison: *The Virgin Birth of Christ*.....(Williams and Norgate) 3/0

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES.

- Hammerton (J. A.), Edited by, *Stevensiana*.....(Richards) net 12/6
 Anonymous: *Mors et Victoria*.....(Longmans) net 5/0

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

- Strong (S. Arthur), Compiled by, *A Catalogue of Letters and Other Historical Documents, Exhibited in the Library at Welbeck*.....(Murray) net 42/0
 Coleman (John), *Charles Reade*.....(Treherne) net 15/0
 Molesworth (Bagot), *Pompeii as it was and as it is*.....(Skeffington) net 25/0
 Crawford (Emily), *Victoria, Queen and Ruler*.....(Arrowsmith) 6/0
 Richardson (Sir Wodehouse), *With the Army Service Corps in South Africa*.....(Richardson) net 2/6
 Macmillan (Hugh), *The Life-Work of George Frederick Watts, R.A.* (Dent) net 4/6
 Walsh (Walter), *The Jesuits in Great Britain*.....(Routledge) 0/6
 Caird (Major L. H.), *Talks about the Border Regiment*.....(Unwin) net 0/6
 Reynolds (Mrs. Herbert), *At Home in India*.....(Dane) 6/0
 Wyld (George), *Notes of My Life*.....(Kegan Paul) net 3/6

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- Carter (R. B.), and Cheate (A. H.), *Sight and Hearing in Childhood* (Scientific Press) net 2/0

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

- Daring-Gould (S.), *A Book of North Wales*.....(Methuen) 6/0

EDUCATIONAL.

- Langley (E. M.), and Brady (S. R. N.), *Algebra. Part II*.....(Murray) 2/0
 Burnet (John), Edited by, *Aristotle on Education*.....(Clay) 2/6
 Hight (J.), *The English as a Colonising Nation*.....(Whitcombe) 2/6
 West (Frances Mary), *History in Biography. Vol. III. Henry VII. to Elizabeth* (Black) 2/0

MISCELLANEOUS.

- White (James Dundas), *Economic Ideas*.....(Henderson) net 2/0
 Delbos (Leon), *John Bull in France*.....(Frowde) 2/0
 Catalogue of the Collection of London Antiquities in the Guildhall Museum (Library Committee) 1/0
 Townsend (C. F.), *Heating and Ventilation of Houses*.....(Dawbarn) net 0/6
 Benson (E. F.), and Miles (E. H.), Illustrated by J. R. Monnell: *The Mad Annual*.....(Richards) 2/6
 Maclean (A. H. H.), *Public Schools and the War in South Africa*.....(Stanford) 1/0
 Vernon (Edward), *Is it Going to Rain?*.....(Macniven) net 1/0
 Willson (Beccles), *The Story of Rapid Transit*.....(Newnes) 1/0
 Cowham (Hilda), and Player (Elsie), *Our Generals*.....(Tuck) 1/0

NEW EDITIONS.

- Crawley (Richard), Translated by, *Thucydides' Peloponnesian War. 2 Vols.* (Dent) net each 1/6
 Neil (James), *Musical Service: Is it Right?*.....(Stimpkin) 6/0
 Halidom (M. Y.), *The Wizard's Mantle*.....(Burleigh) 6/0
 Surtees (R. S.), *Handley Cross*.....(Methuen) 3/6
 Jorrocks's Jaunts and Jollities.....() 3/6
 Goldsmith (Oliver), *The Vicar of Wakefield*.....(Methuen) net 1/6
 Whyte-Melville (G. J.), *Holmby House*.....(Ward, Lock) 0/6
 Cobden (Richard), *Speeches on Free Trade*.....(Macmillan) net 1/0
 Pope (T. Buckingham), *The Curse of Cobden*.....(Duckworth) net 1/0
 Longfellow (Henry Wadsworth), *Poetical Works. Vol. I*.....(Richards) net 1/0
 Dickens (Charles), *A Tale of Two Cities*.....() net 1/0
 Tolstoy (Leo), Translated by Louise Maude: *Resurrection*.....(Richards) 2/6
 Newcastle (Margaret, Duchess of), *The Cavalier in Exile*.....(Newnes) net 3/6

